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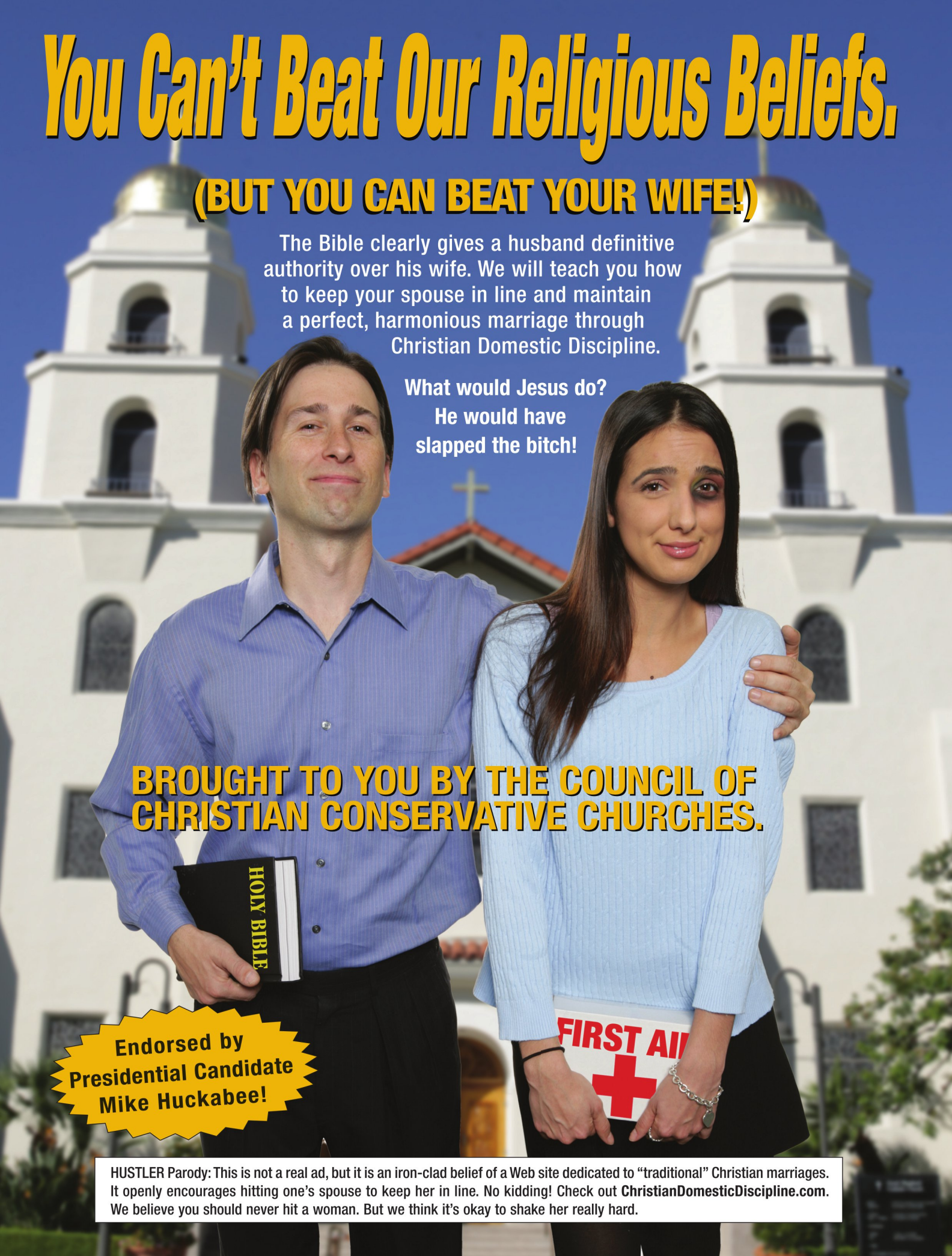
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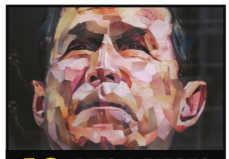

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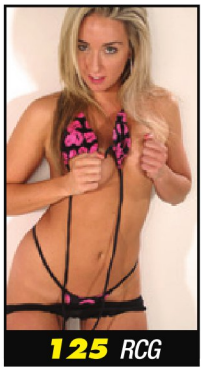

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140 BEAVER HUNT

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 34, No. 12, May 2008. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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Cover photo by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

CIVIL WAR!

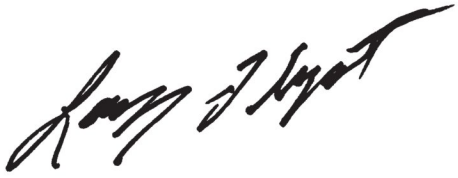
It's time to push aside the lies and illusions. We are a nation engulfed in civil war. We have failed to recognize it because the battlefield isn't clearly marked and because the enemy has hidden in the shadows. We have been deceived by the flickering lies of the TV screen.

This war that tears at our country is not pitting brother against brother, or state against state, or even Christian against nonbeliever. It has been launched by the ruling elite against America's citizens. It is class warfare, and it is destroying our Constitution and—as a result—our very freedoms.

Give it a name if you must: It is fascism, the corporate control of our political system.

The time has come to fight back! Indeed, it is well past time! Do not acknowledge the legitimacy of this government! The President, the Congress and the courts have failed us.

We damn both the Republicans and the Democrats. We demand that they stand trial for treason. Impossible? Remember: There are more of us than there are of them—and that scares the piss out of them.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

▲HORSING AROUND

If you dig the exhilarating world of horse racing—the handicapping, betting, anticipation and the thrill of seeing your horse finish first—you're most likely a regular at the track. But if you'd like a miniature plastic version of that dynamic experience to be enjoyed in the comfort of your own home, check out **Horse Racing Extravaganza**. This cool, battery-operated tabletop game has random results every time. Just pick your nag, place your wager and go crazy. Besides offering hours of fun, **Horse Racing Extravaganza** is a great way to teach your kids or dumb girlfriend about gambling before you drag them to the track or local betting parlor.

Available at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.95.

WIN This iPod Speaker!

▲SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

For more than 60 years, Tannoy has been making high-quality speakers for satisfied customers around the world. Its units can be found in countless recording studios, every Hard Rock Café and Las Vegas's Bellagio hotel. Now the British company has launched the ultimate speaker system for the iPod: the sleek, high-performance **i30**. Compatible with any iPod player, it not only provides superior sound but also features an auxiliary 3.5mm jack, so you can use it with a myriad of other devices, including TVs, computers and CD players. The best part is that you have a chance to get an **i30** for FREE! See entry form below.

Available at ***Tannoy.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

◀RAD HEAD

Originally designed for skaters, boarders and DJs, **Skull Candy G.I. Core Headphones** are the niftiest thing your head has ever experienced. Not only do they look cool (check out the bullets), but they also deliver awesome sound. The supercomfortable ear pads are made of extra-soft leather, and the unit has an in-line volume control and home stereo adapter. That way you can use them on the go with your MP3 player or on your TV, computer or CD player while just chilling in your crib. Especially worth noting is that all of Skull Candy's headphones come with a lifetime replacement guarantee, no matter what sort of crazy-ass shit you do.

Available at ***SkullCandy.com***. Suggested retail price: $69.95.

TANNOY I30 IPOD SPEAKER CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Need a rockin' speaker? How about taking one home for free?! To get the chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age and signature on a postcard) and send it to Orb Speaker Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____ Age _____

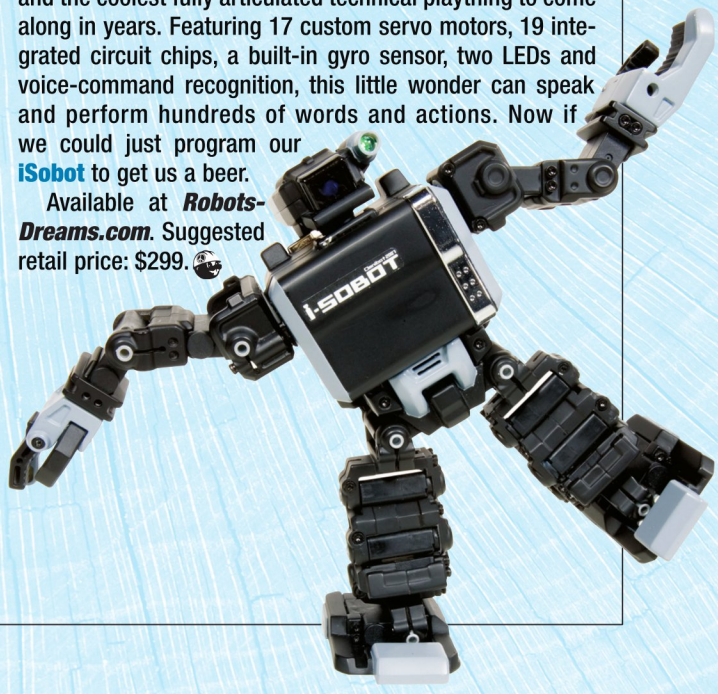
Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by April 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

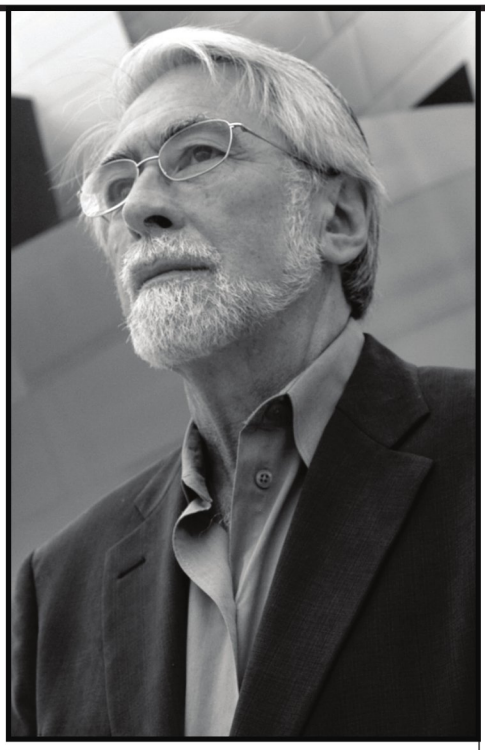
▼HURRAY FOR HUMANOIDS!

Sure, this robot is less than seven inches tall, but don't let its diminutive stature fool you. The **iSobot** from Tomy is powerful and the coolest fully articulated technical plaything to come along in years. Featuring 17 custom servo motors, 19 integrated circuit chips, a built-in gyro sensor, two LEDs and voice-command recognition, this little wonder can speak and perform hundreds of words and actions. Now if we could just program our **iSobot** to get us a beer.

Available at ***Robots-Dreams.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.



THE NEOCON SHELL GAME



The collapse of our economy is hidden by false promises, hidden fees and claims of patriotism. You must demand a change.

IT IS A TERRIBLE CATCH-22: Our democracy is broken because we are becoming a nation of terrifically rich and increasingly poor. Yet because of this inexorably widening economic gap, there is little hope for rejuvenating our political system, which is currently dominated by huge corporations and their executives. Life is not a football game, and *we* are not "kicking ass," as our fat-cat owners would like us to believe.

With a distracted, frightened, indebted and steadily shrinking middle class unable to hold the country to a moderate path, we face a Presidential election that promises to give us a bogus choice between Imperialism and Imperialism Lite. Empire-building does not help the common man. It *does* provide a financial killing to those corporations and the elites employed to facilitate its imposition and maintenance. You can see the evidence of this truth at the gas pump.

With a recession predicted for this election year, are there any candidates for national office who will seize the moment to tackle the issue of income distribution directly? More important, are any of them seeking the backing of ordinary people who can hold them accountable for this once in office? We must reject those who see world conquest as a path to prosperity. We must also reject those who believe devotion to a particular version of Christ will solve economic problems that have been a half-century in the making.

Ironically, it was in the "conservative" 1950s that the United States hit its "progressive" peak: a huge and growing middle class bursting at the seams with postwar prosperity, blessed with a tax structure favoring individuals over corporations. Back then it was possible to have a good family life on the salary of a single parent who either had a college education or a union job.

Here's the next 50 years in fast-forward: Women go to work en masse, bringing more wealth into the home, but this windfall covers up the flatlining of average male income and the relocation of the American manufacturing sector abroad. Fixers for multinational corporations arrange to shift the tax burden onto individuals and small businesses. The "revolution" of Ronald Reagan and his descendants Bush I and II cuts taxes for the superwealthy and deregulates business to the benefit of monopolies. Stock and real estate speculation creates temporary prosperity, followed by the inevitable burst of both bubbles. As consumeristic as ever, Americans paper over their declining prospects with the aid of predatory lenders and aggressive extraction of home equity. (See *Can You Escape From Debt Prison?*, beginning on page 80.)

And, so, here we are. Today, while even the poorest children can own an iPod Shuffle and take a commuter flight to Grandma's for Christmas, affordable consumer goods and services obscure a reality in which most families are finding it more difficult every year to pay for modern life's essentials: housing in a safe neighborhood, healthy food, quality education, reliable medical care.

Meanwhile, the ownership class has fully opened the spigots of wealth. The top 5% of the U.S. population now controls 60% of its wealth. According to the Congressional Budget Office, from 1979 to 2005 the after-tax income of the top 1% rose 228%. The political effects of this surge are apparent in every election cycle—campaigns are dominated by billionaire candidates and their corporate funders.

So what the hell is going to happen? Americans who should be outraged are instead seduced by religious and ideological snake oil salesmen who tell them they'll be rich and/or saved so soon that they don't need to worry about how shitty their current situation is. Or they are so frightened by the various boogeymen out there in the Big Scary World that they have placed "security" above all other national values.

Our current President was reelected by these deluded folks even after slashing taxes for the superrich and getting us in a catastrophic and horribly expensive war. (Iraq alone has cost us over $2 trillion.)

Despite these transparent flights of fantasy, a dark shadow lies on the land: A new poll by Lake Research Partners shows that half of Americans hold "the exceedingly gloomy view that today's children would be 'worse off' when the time comes for them to enter the world of work and raise their own families," according to Bob Herbert of the *New York Times*.

In other words, the American Dream is a faded and tattered antique.

And no wonder. We owe nearly a trillion dollars to credit card companies that exploit us with high interest rates and hidden fees. Even foreclosures—those relics of the Dust Bowl and Great Depression—are making a disheartening comeback.

Is the current gaping inequality inevitable? Did the United States reach its peak, and is it now facing a classic Roman-style erosion and ultimate collapse? Or do we still have the ability to reclaim democracy and build a fair, equitable society?

Americans are working harder than ever. Unfortunately, they see fewer and fewer rewards. And so it will remain if they stay politically passive and incurious. This election year, vote your pocketbook—and your children's!

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

You Will Be Effected

Mass Effect

Manufacturer: BioWare/Microsoft Game Studios

Format: Xbox 360

The team that masterminded the *Star Wars*-inspired *Knights of the Old Republic* has now created one of the most cinematic games to come along in years. ***Mass Effect***, a first-person sci-fi shoot-'em-up, will blow you away. You are the elite human Spectre agent Commander Shepard with one mission: Keep the universe safe. Along the way you will have to assemble a team and interact with a myriad of alien species. *Mass Effect*'s stunning graphics, lifelike digital characters and engaging storyline make you feel as if you are in an intergalactic adventure film even George Lucas would be proud of.

Shredding the Competition

Tony Hawk's Proving Ground

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PS3, Wii & DS

Skateboard superstar Tony Hawk puts his stamp of approval on this truly awesome sporting game. Grab your board and hit the streets of America's biggest cities (including Baltimore, Philly and Washington, D.C.) with fully customized moves, tricks, terrains and skateboarders. You can also shift from single player to online more seamlessly than ever. ***Tony Hawk's Proving Ground*** features amazingly detailed Nail the Trick moves, new gameplay mechanics and a full-feature video editor to create gnarly skateboarding videos.

It's a Scream!

Silent Hill Origins

Manufacturer: Konami

Format: PSP

Your PSP just got a whole lot creepier as the first ***Silent Hill*** game for the handheld platform stays true to the original fright-filled adventure. You are once again trucker Travis Grady, trapped in a mysterious town and faced with escaping its horrific residents. Then there is the little problem of the strange hallucinations that have plagued you since childhood. With fast action and gory graphics, ***Silent Hill Origins*** is sure to set the new standard in handheld gaming terror.

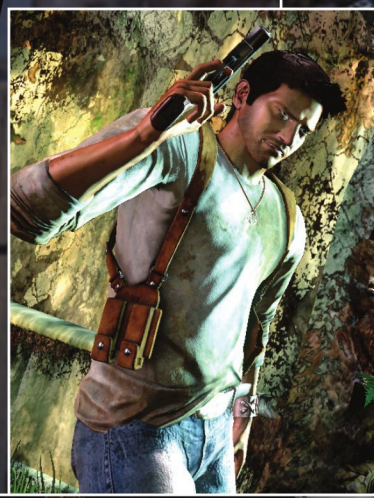
Off the Charts

Uncharted: Drake's Fortune

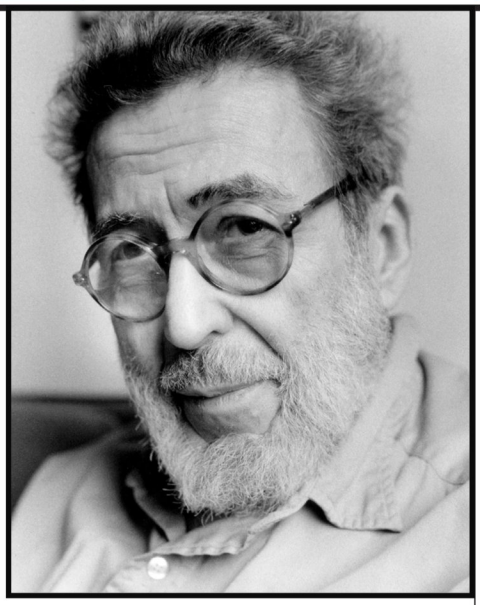
Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

Part *Indiana Jones*, part *Tomb Raider*, all fun and completely immersive, this game has you running around a South Pacific island in search of hidden treasures. That would seem easy enough except there are puzzles to be solved and bad guys shooting at you the whole time. Fame and fortune await you.



WILL WE EVER GET OUR PRIVACY BACK?



IN THE FIRST SUPREME COURT CASE making wiretapping Constitutional, *Olmstead* v. *United States* (1928), dissenting Justice Louis Brandeis prophetically warned: "The progress of science furnishing the government with means of espionage is not likely to stop with wiretapping. Ways may someday be developed by which the government—without removing papers from your secret drawers—can reproduce them in court. … Can it be that the Constitution affords no protection against such invasions of individual security?"

Under the Bush-Cheney Administration's ever-expanding use of surveillance technology that pries into our telephone calls, e-mails, and bank and travel records, that question becomes more chilling every day. Nonetheless, I find my friends and family members unconcerned with vanishing privacy because, they say, "I have nothing to hide."

The answer to that comes from privacy scholar Jim Harper of the Cato Institute, a civil liberties think tank headquartered in Washington, D.C. "When people say they have nothing to hide, so they have nothing to worry about," Harper says, "I ask them for their wallet and start to look through it. And they will blanch at that, if not refuse outright. And that puts a lie to the idea that people don't want their own privacy. They do."

Despite what Americans might want, the Bush Administration plans to use spy satellites to keep an unblinking eye on us. According to a report by AlterNet.org's Tim Shorrock, the new National Applications Office creates "a legal mechanism that would make the United States one of the world's most closely monitored nations."

Down here on the ground, Big Brother is already marshalling new ways to track what we do at home behind so-called closed doors. On November 23, 2007, the Associated Press reported: "Firefighters in major cities are being trained to take on a new role as lookouts for terrorism. … Unlike police, firefighters and emergency medical personnel need no *warrants to enter hundreds of thousands of homes and buildings each year—which puts them in a position to spot behavior that could indicate terror activity or planning.*" (Emphasis added.)

Why worry about firefighters? Well, in my own city, New York, "they are told to be alert for a person who is hostile, uncooperative or expressing hate or discontent with the United States."

Discontent? Are there copies of any of my HUSTLER columns lying about?

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court has refused to review a San Diego County (California) policy that permits warrantless home searches of people on welfare to determine if they really qualify for government benefits. (Is that a new digital television set? How much did it cost you?)

How come no warrant is required? Because, explains David Savage of the *Los Angeles Times*, these suspicious inspectors "do not seek evidence of a crime." They just want to be sure these people supposedly living on the edge should get welfare.

No matter who becomes President in the future or which party controls Congress, global terrorism will continue for decades, with an accompanying culture of fear and government surveillance in this country. Kids as well as adults, therefore, will grow up accustomed to being spied on.

The Rutherford Institute's John Whitehead, a national town crier against Big Brother, reported on November 28, 2007, that "schools in Demarest, New Jersey, have installed surveillance cameras with live feeds to police headquarters." And "Viewmont High School in Utah recently installed 36 cameras to provide school officials a bird's-eye view of every square inch of the school's hallways and common areas. 'I can just simply scan through the school in less than a minute,' boasts the school's principal."

Growing up knowing that you can be under the government's gaze at any given time, how free will future citizens feel about engaging in public or private criticisms of their government?

No town or city is now immune from government privacy invaders. Two years ago in the small town of Loda, Illinois, the school board put videocameras in all school buses, but pledged there wouldn't be any audio recordings because that would violate the state's law against eavesdropping. Now the Illinois legislature has ruled that listening in—as well as watching—kids on school buses is not eavesdropping.

A parent I know in Loda—whom I will not name lest he or she get into trouble—asked me: "Is this policy legal under the Constitution? These kids have rights. I am disgusted at how easily people are willing to take children's rights away, supposedly in the name of security. Where will this electronic intrusion stop?"

I told that apprehensive citizen to contact the Chicago chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. Maybe a lawsuit will stop the Illinois legislature from continuing to violate those kids' individual rights under the Constitution. After all, we still have a Bill of Rights in the Constitution, don't we?

I remember during the Watergate hearings that sent President Richard Nixon back to private life, Senator Sam Ervin (D-North Carolina), head of the investigating committee, said: "When the government knows all of our secrets, we stand naked before official power. The Bill of Rights then becomes just so many words."

Will enough Americans wake up and pound Congress while they still have some privacy left? Otherwise, Big Brother will be our constant companion.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the Village Voice, the Washington Times, the United Media Newspaper Syndicate and Free Inquiry. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance; and the forthcoming Is This America?

"And I can activate voter interest too!"

Show & Tell

I am a former stripper who now works as a public school teacher. Larry Flynt's *Sex, Lies & Politics* is the best book I have read in a long time. I am impressed by his ambition and determination to protect our First Amendment rights and expose the Bush Administration and other sleazy politicians for the phonies they really are.

The No Child Left Behind Act (which Flynt discusses in his book) is the most harmful thing I've ever seen happen to our public schools. It's a change for the worse!

By the way, if you ever plan on publishing an issue with schoolteachers who aren't afraid to bare it all, please give me a call! **—Trisha Fisher**
Gulf Breeze, Florida

Larry Flynt is currently working on his third book, *Politics, Porn & Power: An Intimate Look at Sexual Hypocrisy and Its Impact on American Politics.* The exposé is expected to hit stores this year.

Beastly Backlash

After reading *Why Do Uncle Sam and Big Business Fear the Barbi Twins and Their Dogged Friends?* [March '08], I feel that HUSTLER needs to get some views from the other side—or at least ask animal rights activists the questions the Barbi Twins never tackle.

Here are just two of them: If we stopped doing research on animals, would you be willing to submit to diseases so we could perform medical research on you? And if people stopped hunting, how would the overpopulation of animals and the problems that come with it—such as potential outbreaks of Lyme disease—be handled?

The Barbis can protest all they want, as is their right, but they also need to be prepared to handle the tough questions.
—Adam Schlosser
Erie, Pennsylvania

The Ungodly Truth

What the hell happened to Christopher Hitchens?! I used to read his columns religiously (no pun intended) when he was an unapologetic Marxist. But now that he's been born again as an archconservative shill, I won't be plunking down any money for his new book, even if I do agree with his atheistic stance.

Thanks just the same for the interview [*Christopher Hitchens vs. God*, January '08]. Maybe old Christopher is just angry about having "Christ" in his name. **—T.D.**
Eugene, Oregon

Lone Star Gem

I really enjoyed seeing someone from my area pop up in your magazine! Nikki Lee [*Beaver Hunt*, December '07] left my dick hard enough to cut diamonds. "No-Panties" Nikki outshines all the rest! **—D.D.**
Waco, Texas

Otto Knows Best?

Cool interview with Otto and Audrey [*The Bonnie & Clyde of Porn*, January '08]. They sound just as crazy and oversexed as I thought they would. When I see their names on a box cover, I know I'm not going to get ripped off. But I gotta wonder: What's their home life like? I mean, here's a guy who calls his wife "whore" as a term of endearment! Someone should make a reality show with those two before it's too late! **—M.D.**
McLeod, Montana

Puss in Boots

As I was going over my HUSTLERs from 2007 to pick my annual doll of the year, I was floored (again!) by the stunning Madeleine Bisou [*Beaver Hunt* Finalist #2, October '07]. I'm only puzzled why this star was that issue's final layout and not the centerfold. I admit, she's dressed in my favorite fuck-me outfit: black boots, black stockings and nothing else!

To her fans, ***Beaver Hunt*** *Finalist Madeleine Bisou is already a winner. Watch for an upcoming layout with the photo finish.*

Everything is there for the perfect lewd pic: blond curls leading the eye down to her fabulous floppies and sweet pink playground below. Please bring back Doll of the Year Madeleine. **—Stephen Bahnsen**
Chicago, Illinois

Big on Little Ladies

I just had to tell you about the day I was sitting in my dorm, trying not to snort beer out of my nose while reading *The Midget Story* [Holiday '07]. I was laughing so hard visualizing a normal-sized guy dipping his cock into a little person that a guy from across the hall came over and asked, "What's so fuckin' funny?"

I showed him, and he busted a gut too. Pretty soon we had the whole floor in my room, reading that hilarious shit out loud. Then we all went out looking for midgets to hit on. That's not as easy as you might think up here in Michigan, so we ended up talking my buddy's girlfriend and some lucky dude into acting out *The Midget Story*. (The chick was way too tall for the part but plenty drunk enough.) What a night! You guys should print more of those crazy stories, preferably one that will get me laid next time!
— "Yooper" Quakenmeyer
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Family Values

Well, my family and friends finally found out about my HUSTLER debut [*Real College Girls*, November '07]. And they congratulated me! How's that for a confidence booster? Our relatives asked my mom what she thought about it, and she said she was proud that her daughter is sexy enough to appear in a magazine like HUSTLER. Thanks so much!
—April
Hewitt, Minnesota

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

CIGNA

A Business of Caring

(About Our Bottom Line)

Looking for an insurance company that will care about you and your medical needs? Consider us. Why? Because we don't want any more bad press.

Yes, we let 17-year-old Nataline Sarkisyan die while she was waiting for a liver transplant that could have saved her life. Yes, we put profit over the life of a human being. But we do that for *you*. Don't you realize that *someone* has to die in order for *you* to live? How else can we keep costs down?

Cigna will carefully study your current case, your medical history and, most importantly, your access to the media and powerful lawyers. Then we will decide whether or not to provide coverage for the care you need. You can trust us to do what's right—for us.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how a heartless insurance giant waited until the last minute, thereby letting a teenager die just so they could save a bundle of money. Profit over people. Business as usual. For more info, check out **CrooksAndLiars.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Dana Perino

The attractive mouthpiece for the Bush bandits is an interesting change from the usual spokes-liars. As deputy to the cancer-stricken sleaze Tony Snow, Dana Perino inherited her job as White House press secretary. At least previous stooges like Ari Fleischer were just bald-faced liars (in his case, baldheaded too). But Perino—dubbed "the lying sack of cute" by the Stephanie Miller radio show—has brought a fresh element to the position: boneheaded stupidity.

During a press briefing, a reporter asked Perino to comment on Russian President Putin's statement that the United States' proposed missile defense shield in Eastern Europe was "like the Soviet Union putting missiles in Cuba, setting up a Cuban Missile Crisis."

The neocon Barbie Doll was clueless. "I was panicked a bit because I really don't know about…the Cuban Missile Crisis," she admitted later on an NPR talk show. "It had to do with Cuba and missiles, I'm pretty sure."

Duh! It was the moment when the major superpowers teetered on the brink of worldwide nuclear destruction, you brainless bimbo. You claim to have "minored in history" in college, Dana. What was your major: rimjobs for the teacher?

Did the confused little babe finally look it up in a book? Check Wikipedia? Nah. "I came home, and I asked my husband," she recalled. "I said, 'Wasn't that like the Bay of Pigs thing?'" Businessman Peter McMahon—18 years older and English to boot—apparently knows more about U.S. history than his trophy wife.

Whether or not the rumors are true that Perino is a Washington pass-around, she's perfect for spewing regurgitated Bush-Cheney shit. At an earlier job, she reportedly hung a Dick Cheney poster on a wall, with that Halliburton zombie in a ten-gallon hat astride a stallion, looking like a bald, fat Marlboro Man. The photo's angle was from the rear, showing the hind end of both the steed and the rider. There's an inspiring image: one horse's ass looking at another horse's ass atop another horse's ass.

Perino is equally shitheaded when it comes to the cataclysmic effects of global warming: "I'm sure lots of people would love to ridicule me when I say this, but it is true that many people die from cold-related deaths every winter. And there are studies that say that climate change in certain areas of the world would help those individuals."

And we'll all have such great tans when we're fried by cosmic rays. Fields of corn and wheat blasted into nothingness worldwide by blistering summers? Oh, pooh, who eats that stuff when you can have caviar? Sea levels steadily rising? Look on the positive side. Imagine how much money we can make in new shorefront real estate!

When Bush's press secretary isn't spitting out the party line, she repeats nonanswers like a robot in *The Stepford Wives* whose battery has run down: "I don't know. … You're going to have to talk to the State Department about that. … Let me read this to you again. … That could be; I don't know. … I'll get back to you on that."

Perino is a neocon hack to her marrow, even training her dog Henry to do "funny" tricks for special visitors. She'll ask the purebred mutt, "What do you think of John Kerry?" The pooch will fetch a pair of flip-flops, har-har-har. She'll ask, "Should Bill Clinton be in jail?" and he obediently barks. Maybe the airhead could train Henry to impersonate the White House press secretary. He could vomit on the rug, then gobble up the puke.

Bush lied repeatedly about when he first read the National Intelligence Estimate proving that Iran had no nuclear weapons program. Perino's defense? "Okay…the President could have been more precise in that language, but the President was being truthful." No, Dana, he was lying, you dumb, fucking idiot!

This fervent believer of the neocon myth frequently preambles her whoppers with the phrase "If we take a historical perspective." Dana Perino knows as much about history as Britney Spears knows about child care. She sidetracked the question of waterboarding by offering the weaselly White House line "Yes, we do interrogate al-Qaeda terrorist suspects, but we do not torture them."

Well, put this in historical perspective, you ignorant snot: Waterboarding *is* torture. It was when we held the Japanese accountable after World War II. Hell, it was torture when witch-finders were dunking innocent people hundreds of years ago!

So the question is not "Is Dana Perino a lying idiot?" No, that's a given. The question is one of degree: "Is Dana Perino as dumb as a bagful of hammers—or dumber?"

Farts in the Wind

• **Lieutenant Commander John Thomas Lee**, 42, began his career as a Naval officer in 1988 and was ordained in 1993. He became a chaplain three years later and served as chaplain of the U.S. Naval Academy from 2003 to 2006. Lee was also a serial-rapist scumball who used his military rank and "God-like" authority to coerce an unknown number of sailors into sex with him over a period of decades.

The philandering priest tested HIV-positive in 2005, and there's no telling how many young servicemen he infected with his Rod of God. Both the Navy and the Catholic Church were finally forced to bring him to justice. By promising to reveal as much as he could remember about the identities of his victims, Lee plea-bargained a potential life sentence for forcible sodomy and aggravated assault down to two years.

• **Michael Savage**, the gravel-voiced radio hatemonger, is suing the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR) after it encouraged a boycott to protest his tirades. Among other things, Savage called the Koran a "book of hate" and said that he'd be delighted if 100 million Muslims died. CAIR had the audacity to post online recordings of Savage's own words of bile to use against him. Rather than try to deny what he'd said, Savage (whose real name, Michael Weiner, seems more appropriate for such a dick) sued CAIR for copyright infringement. Presumably, the guttermouth thinks his idiotic spewings should be made public only to the 20 million sheep who listen to his show.

"Bring me the George W. Bush contract, will you, Sylvia?
He wants to renegotiate for even more power!"

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Stormy Daniels

Hedgehogging her bets?

Gina Lynn

Courtney Cummz

Jenna Haze

OH, STORMY!

STORMY DANIELS AND SOME of the XXX goddess's horny pals celebrated her latest Wicked Pictures epic, *Operation Desert Stormy*, in style. Jenna Haze, Courtney Cummz and Ron Jeremy were just a few of the porn dignitaries who turned out at the House of Blues in L.A.

PRESIDENTIAL PORN

WHEN BRITISH ARTIST Jonathan Yeo's commission for a portrait of George W. Bush was revoked, he decided to get creative. Yeo proceeded to construct this image out of girlie magazine photos. We love art just as much as the next guy, but why would anyone waste all that great porn to depict this motherfucker?

THANKS AND $100 go to M.M of Slovenia for this gripping photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Being with a woman all night never hurt no professional baseball player. It's staying up all night looking for a woman that does him in." —CASEY STENGEL, BASEBALL MANAGER

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Angelina Jolie LOOK LIKE WITH 2 DICKS IN HER MOUTH?

WHY DID WE PUT A PAIR of throbbing cocks in Angelina Jolie's perfect pout? Maybe because she looks good that way, or maybe we're pissed she was in *Beowulf* for only five minutes. Maybe we feel bad that Angelina has literally sucked the life out of Brad Pitt, or maybe it's just because we knew she can handle it.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Angelina Jolie actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

AURA BOGADO AWARDS

ANOTHER PHOTO we are sure will piss off the militant feminists from radio station KPFK in Los Angeles.

Some women just love a *little* pain mixed in with their pleasure, while others get off puffing up their pussies by pricking them with saline-filled hypodermic needles. Thanks to our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO for supplying this pointed photo.

HITLER'S HIDEAWAY?

WHAT IS THIS? Some sort of Nazi resort? Nope. It's actually an aerial view of the Seabees Barracks at the Coronado Naval Base in California. The facility is about to get a $600,000 makeover after outraged activists and Jewish groups complained that it resembles a swastika. *Resembles* a swastika? It *is* the Nazi symbol!

We just hope no conservatives fly over the Flynt Building. They just might realize that it looks a lot like a wide-open pussy.

"Nymphomaniac: a woman as obsessed with sex as an average man." —MIGNON MCLAUGHLIN, AUTHOR

NEWSBITES

Pricey Pubes

A British gal has started an Internet site to finance costly laser hair-removal treatment from her pelvic area. If you have 200 bucks to spare, visit MillionDollarPubes.com and order one of the chick's newly shorn pubic hairs.Two hundred bucks per pube? That's a pretty steep price to pay! Maybe if she can *shave* a few bucks off the asking price, we'd buy a few ourselves.

Booze of Broads

Here's the scenario: You're in a bar hanging out with your pals and fiancée. She wants to leave, but you want to stay for just one more round. So you give the party-pooper the keys to your van and off she goes—angry. A few drinks later you stumble home to find out your bride-to-be has packed all your valuables into the van, which ends up in a harbor. This actually happened to a 24-year-old dude in England recently. The lesson? Never piss off a woman then give her your keys…unless you own a boat.

Unedible Panties

Looks as if you're going to have to get your penis pasta and chocolate body paint from somewhere other than Norway. The Scandinavian country's largest chain of sex stores was busted by inspectors for not having the proper labels on food-based exotics. The establishment plans to obey the laws and bring its food-based sex items up to code. Well, everyone does love a good smorgasbord!

The Gift of Gonorrhea?

Looking for that cute-and-cuddly stuffed animal to give the woman you love? Who isn't? How about one shaped like herpes, the clap, syphilis or HIV? Hard to believe, but some genius online company called Giant Microbes is offering a line of these puffy pals for sale. Why would anyone want to cuddle up with Chlamydia?

Sign of the Times

WHO IS THE sign warning? The fence or a guy willing to fuck the damn thing? Thanks to K.F. from Hackensack, New Jersey.

If you spot a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER Club Girl #8

WHEN ASKED TO DISCLOSE her hobbies, lovely Ana had just one answer: "Sucking pussy." Maybe that's why we're showcasing the 21-year-old hottie here. Ana and her naturally robust boobs can be seen polishing the pole at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland.

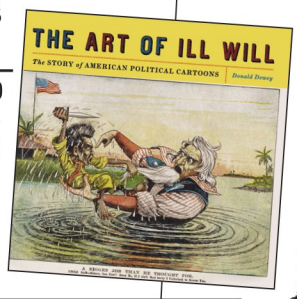
FUCKING PRODUCE

THAT IS ONE HOT PEPPER! Thanks to R.D. of Sterling, Illinois, for sending us a snapshot of this natural wonder. Now here's the burning question: Would Ron Jeremy fuck it?

"How lucky we are that we can reach our genitals instead of that spot on our back that itches." —FLASH ROSENBERG, HUMORIST

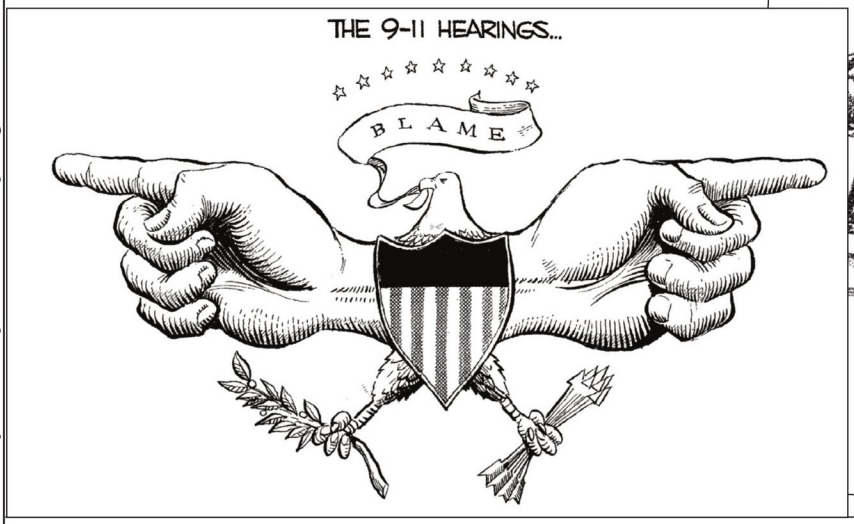
HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

THE ART OF ILL WILL
The Story of American Political Cartoons
by Donald Dewey



THIS MONTH'S PICK, featuring more than 200 images, is a comprehensive, hardcover tome that chronicles how political cartoons have influenced public opinion and American history itself since colonial times. Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Nixon and Dubya are just a few of the political figures getting deservedly lampooned in Dewey's entertaining roundup.

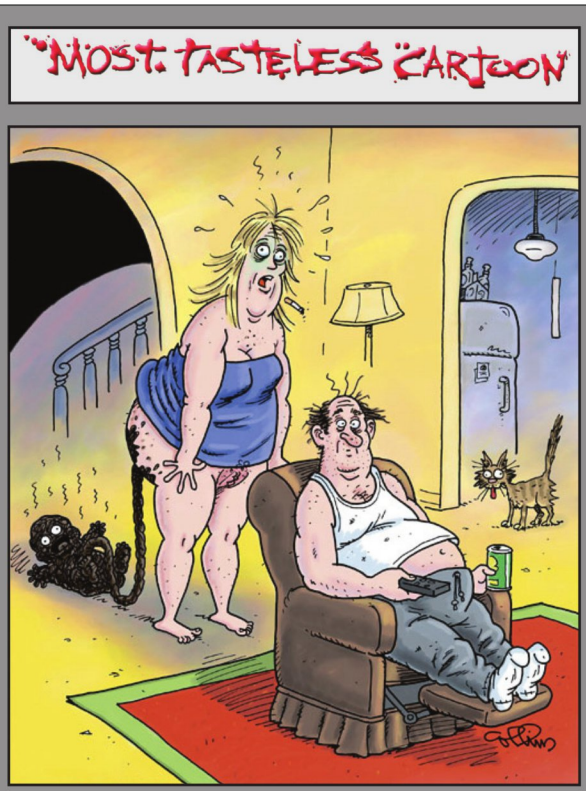
The Art of Ill Will is available at bookstores everywhere.



NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S PICK is Lindsay Allen of Lima, Ohio's WLIO-TV, Channel 35. The station's new weekend anchor sure knows how to deliver hard news in a way that will make you hard. Thanks to T.V. for submitting this fine talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.



"A student undergoing a word-association test was asked why a snowstorm put him in mind of sex. He replied frankly: 'Because everything does.'" —HONOR TRACY, WRITER

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REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

WHAT TMZ DIDN'T SHOW YOU!

TO HELL WITH CLOTHES!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

We 9-to-5 stiffs all dream of the perfect job, but few of us ever land it. Now a certified skin-biz sensation, **Ashlynn Brooke** has certainly found hers. "Back home I ran a used-car lot for three years," the spunky Oklahoman recalls, "and before that I waited tables. Now I can't wait to hop in my car and drive to work. What girl wouldn't? I'll either be taking off my clothes and looking sexy, or taking off my clothes and having hot sex. Being a real-life porn star is a fantasy-come-true!"

But don't think **Ashlynn** is your garden-variety video vixen. "Most people assume girls get into porn to rebel against their uptight parents or because they were abused," she relates, "but that wasn't the case with me. My family supports me fully."

Despite finding herself in the limelight, **Ashlynn** remains a girl-next-door at heart. "I'm a huge football fan, particularly my Sooners and my Packers," the affable looker reveals. "I love animals, riding ATVs, fishing, housekeeping, cooking and personally handling my MySpace page. I just moved to L.A., but I'm very true to my hometown and country living."

By leaving the Heartland behind, **Ashlynn** can now do things she once only dreamed about—even being the subject of Hollywood gossip. One night the babe was spotted with Alfonso Ribeiro, best known for his role as Carlton Banks on the '90s TV sitcom *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. Several Web sites reported that the couple were "dating," but **Ashlynn** set the record straight: "Alfonso and I are just friends." But what a friend to hang with!

Many hot-to-trot newcomers blow into town, do a handful of fuck flicks and quickly vanish into the woodwork. Not **Ms. Brooke**, who vows, "I plan on being the Bret Favre of porn!" Since the legendary quarterback has 17 seasons under his belt, **Ashlynn**—whose favorite position is doggy-style—has a load of hard work in store. "I absolutely love sex," she purrs. "Having an orgasm is probably as close to heaven as I'm ever gonna get!"

ASHLYNN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Choctaw, Oklahoma
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-2
WEIGHT: 106
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-23-33

CHILLING BOOTY CALL

It was four in the afternoon, and Ava was still in her nightie when she answered the door. Dirty dishes were stacked high in the sink. Empty beer bottles and pizza boxes littered the counters and the floor. A stack of mail sat unopened on the desk. Any one of these things would have bugged the hell out of me if Ava and I were still married—but we weren't. The divorce had been final for over a year now, a year of the best sex of my life.

It seemed like bed was the only place we ever got along. Ava was a wildcat between the sheets. Easy to please, endlessly inventive. On our first date she'd tied me up, rimmed my asshole and, later, insisted I piss right into her pussy. On our first date!

Back in our married days, she was forever bringing new toys to bed or thinking up kinky positions. She loved role-playing, like dressing up as a French maid or a Catholic schoolgirl. She even arranged for a couple of sizzling threeways. In bed, Ava was this amazing slut. Unfortunately, the rest of the time she was simply a cunt.

So we parted ways, but the ink wasn't even dry on the divorce papers before we both got to missing the sex. So now, every month—along with her alimony check—I deliver a second pound of flesh.

Ava smiled a bleary smile and rubbed at her eyes as she led me into the living room. I ignored the mess and focused instead on the half-moons peeking out of the bottom of her nightie. Ava always had an aversion to underwear, and now her butt cheeks swayed enticingly, with a slight jiggle. It made me want to lick and nibble on those delicious globes.

At the couch she simply flopped down facefirst, then pushed pillows under her belly till her round tush was raised high. I knew my ex well enough to know precisely what she wanted.

My cock was hard before I could lower my zipper. It was throbbing by the time I was naked. Lowering my body gently over hers, I slipped my long sausage into her ass crack. I then pressed in on the sides of her buttocks and began to masturbate. *Mmmm*. A glorious warmth enveloped my meat from all sides. Ava's butt tunnel was firm, fleshy, wonderful. I jacked my log in her ass cleavage till I had to stop or risk coming.

At this point not one word had passed between us. Which is not to say the room was quiet. My ex was moaning nonstop, pushing her booty back at me, anxious to get fucked by my big cock. I decided to let her wait a bit. The bitch. The slut.

So I took my throbber in hand and dick-spanked her rump till it was rosy red and my pecker was tingling. Then I got up, found the sole clean glass in the entire kitchen and poured myself a scotch on the rocks.

When I returned to the living room, I was treated to the sight of Ava frigging off doggy-style, both hands busy at her twat, her pink butt cheeks bobbing on the pillows. As I took another sip of scotch, an idea hit me.

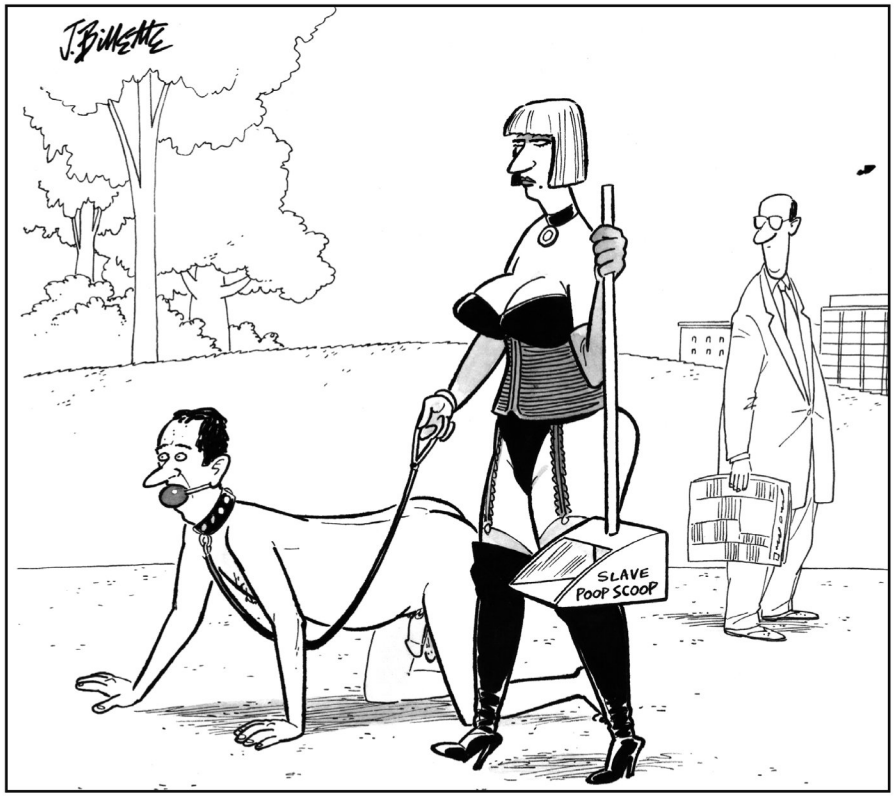
For the first time I spoke, ordering my ex to spread her buns wide. She responded instantly, eager for what she thought was coming.

Then one by one I fished the ice cubes out of the glass and shoved them into her asshole. Ava gasped at the intense cold, but quickly decided she loved it. "More!" she moaned after each cube. Finally, they were all in her chute, and ice water was trickling from her anus. "More!" she begged again, and I gave her more all right. I remounted, pressed my poker into her shitbox and pushed.

Fuck! Icy-hot sphincters clamped down around my cock! Took my breath away. I had to stop for a second, and in that moment I could feel the ice melting against my piss slit. And then I was fucking, hard and furiously. I knew I wasn't going to last more than one, two, three more thrusts, and I didn't. Savoring the climax, I sprayed hot spunk into my ex's snug pooper and collapsed against her back.

A few minutes later I was dressed. Ava was sound asleep. I downed my drink, placed her alimony check under the empty glass on the coffee table, admired her amazing ass one last time and left. —H.W.

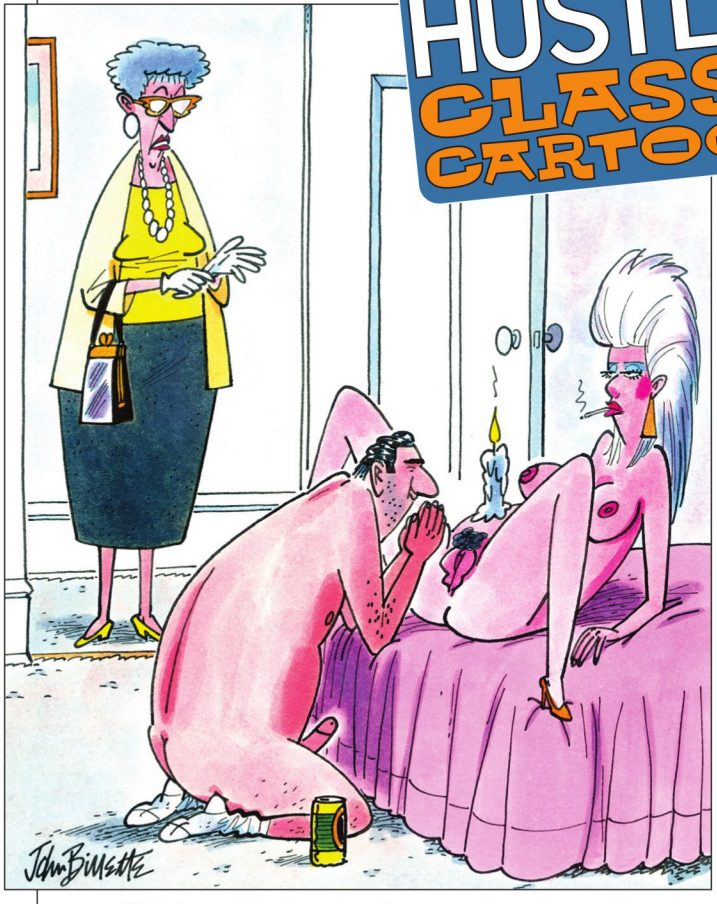
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"At birth we struggle so hard to get out of the vagina, then we spend the rest of our lives trying to get into one."

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Walter, I'm leaving for *my* church now!"

"I ask you, is that great color or what?!"

LUC
THE NOTED INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER REVEALS THE BIGGEST BANKING SCAM OF THE CENTURY—AND HOW ITS DARK SHADOW REACHED TO THE BUSH WHITE HOUSE.

LUCY KOMISAR CONNECTS THE DOTS

BY ED RAMPELL

In its heyday the Bank of Credit and Commerce International was the world's seventh-largest financial institution. Operating in 73 countries for 20 years, it had ties to the Bushes, bin Ladens, Saddam Hussein, the CIA and other powerbrokers.

But when BCCI collapsed, it proved to be the perpetrator of the most massive bank fraud in history.

Investigative reporter Lucy Komisar has written for *the New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times* and *Wall Street Journal*. During the 1980s and 1990s, Komisar covered the looting of the Philippines, Haiti and Zaire by the Marcos, Duvalier and Mobutu dictatorships, respectively. They transferred their national treasuries to "a secret financial system" operated by "big international banks." This prepared the prolific New York City-based writer, who shares her vital findings at **LucyKomisar.com**, to uncover the BCCI scandal. Washing the bank's dirty laundry in public, Komisar reveals this worldwide scam in a chapter of her book *A Game as Old as Empire: The Secret World of Economic Hit Men and the Web of Global Corruption*.

"The CIA was really at the head of a gigantic coverup."

HUSTLER: What was BCCI?

LUCY KOMISAR: The Bank of Credit and Commerce International was set up by some Pakistani bankers, including Agha Hasan Abedi, with the help of money from Saudi and United Arab Emirate sheikhs in 1972. From the very beginning, BCCI really was a crooked bank. Its corporate strategy was money laundering. BCCI got deposits from South Asian businessmen and from the central banks of many developing countries by bribing their leaders.

It also corrupted people in the United States. In many cases it was illegal for U.S. banks to put their money in this kind of a bank, but they moved their money there anyway. BCCI also made money by being the banker for drug traffickers and terrorists. BCCI was also the banker for the CIA and intelligence agencies from numerous other countries.

Please describe this money laundering.

BCCI took money from an illegal source, such as drug trafficking, and moved it through various transactions so that the owner of the money could then use it as if it were legitimate. The reason this is necessary is [that] in the banking system, when you put large sums of money in a legitimate bank, the bank is supposed to use "due diligence." Because it's not supposed to move criminals' money.

In some cases, money laundering is also necessary for tax reasons—not to hide income but to pay taxes. Al Capone was imprisoned for cheating on his taxes, not for all of the illegal Murder Incorporated stuff he did. But Capone couldn't pay taxes on the money he got from loansharking, bootlegging, etc., because he couldn't show it came from a legal place. Criminals realized they had to launder their money so they could say it was actually coming from something legitimate.

Offshore banks work with secret "shell" companies—so-called because they're empty, just a piece of paper, a registration of a fake company in someplace like Grand Cayman. The shell company is selling or buying something from you, and if it's buying from you, you're getting money from it. Then you can say, "I got this money because I did a deal with the 'XYZ Company' in Grand Cayman." But there's no such company—it's just a post office box. Maybe one person runs 1,000 companies, becoming the director of each company, and his "office" is the mailbox, with 1,000 companies in one office.

Who were some of BCCI's shady clients?

BCCI was the banker for drug traffickers, including Colombia's Medellin Cartel, and for terrorists, such as the Palestinian Abu Nidal. BCCI also moved money to Osama bin Laden when he was fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan.

You write, "The CIA needed a dirty bank." How did it become involved with BCCI?

We don't know exactly when BCCI and the CIA got together, but this was clearly a very useful operation for the CIA. Certainly from the '80s, during the Reagan/Bush period, they began using it to move money. We're talking about the Iran-Contra scandal and money to Osama. BCCI worked for the CIA in moving money to Panama's Manuel Noriega, when he was a friend. The CIA lied to the rest of the government about what was going on. There were documents that were destroyed. They blocked investigations. Senator John Kerry [D-Massachusetts, who investigated BCCI in 1992 for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee] talks about some of this. The CIA was really at the head of a gigantic coverup.

[Former CIA Director William] Casey would actually meet with Abedi in the Madison Hotel, across the street from the *Washington Post*. We don't know what they talked about, but I assume some of it had to do with financing Osama and other black operations.

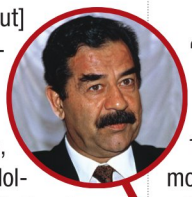
What did ex-CIA Director/current Defense Secretary Robert Gates nickname BCCI?

PHOTO BY LARRY BRIDWELL

"This was a dirty bank being used by the Bushes."

The "Bank of Crooks and Criminals International."

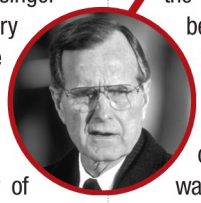
What was BCCI's connection to Saddam Hussein?



That's very important [but] largely ignored in the investigations around Iraq's Oil-for-Food Program. In the 1980s, Saddam wanted money for arms, and BCCI funneled millions of dollars to the Atlanta branch of the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro [BNL], the Italian government-owned bank. Hussein's American banker and the money that came from BCCI allowed BNL to make $4 billion in secret loans to help Iraq buy arms.

We don't know exactly where that money came from, but the Americans were very interested in this happening because of the conflict then between Iraqis and Iranians. If they kept fighting each other, they'd be less of a danger to U.S. interests.

The CIA knew of these Iraqi deals and kickbacks. There were 15% commissions [paid to Saddam and BCCI] on these loans that were used to buy arms. This is the same route we're talking about for the Oil-for-Food Program, so the CIA knew. Also, BNL was a client of Kissinger Associates; [former Secretary of State and National Security Advisor] Henry Kissinger was on BNL's international advisory board, as was Brent Scowcroft, George Bush Sr.'s National Security Advisor.



What was former Iranian leader Ayatollah Khomeini's BCCI tie-in?

The Gulf Group is the company of Mustapha Gokal, financial adviser to Ayatollah Khomeini. BCCI gave the Gulf Group unsecured loans of $800 million, more than two-thirds of that bank's total capital, to provide Iran with war material, food and drugs. So what you have is BCCI providing money on all sides of the Middle East's conflicts.

What was Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's alleged BCCI involvement?

When North was running arms to Nicaragua's Contras and Iran in 1985 and '86, he set up Panamanian shell companies and secret BCCI accounts for about $20 million. North had $11 million and needed BCCI to provide $11 million to finance the TOW antitank missiles sold to Tehran's Revolutionary Guards in the Iran/Contra deal to get American hostages released. When the U.S. finally began to investigate this, they didn't have any record of the account.

BCCI also helped North pay off Manuel Noriega when he was friends with the Reagan-Bush people. It was the CIA that got Noriega to become a BCCI client. Later, Bush Senior disowned Noriega and invaded Panama.

What role, if any, did BCCI have in the "October Surprise"?

This was a deal to get the American hostages out of Iran, but not before the 1980 Carter-Reagan election. The money that went to pay off the Islamic militants went through BCCI.

What was Osama's link to BCCI?

The U.S. wanted to move money to Osama [who was fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan]. What better way than to do it through an international, corrupt bank? And this one, because it was Pakistani-run, had offices in Islamabad. How convenient. In the Bahamas, there was a company called Al-Taqwa [Arabic for "Fear of God"] that was also used to move money. After 9/11 the U.S. immediately went to the Bahamas and closed down Al-Taqwa, including its offices in Switzerland and Liechtenstein too. They knew all about it.

Why did you write, "The BCCI operations gave Osama an education in offshore black finance that he would put to use when he organized the *jihad* against America"?

He used Al-Taqwa. I have the documents, which show who the shareholders were. It was a shell bank, not a bank with bricks and doors you could walk into. It was just on paper. Two of Osama's siblings, a brother and sister, were listed as shareholders. If it was closed down because the U.S. knew it was being used by Osama, how could they know that so quickly? It's because the Americans helped him set up the system.

Who was Khalid bin Mahfouz?

He and his family were the owners of the National Commercial Bank, Saudi Arabia's largest bank, the bank of the late King Saud and other members of the ruling family. They mysteriously bought 20% to 30% of BCCI stock for nearly $1 billion. Khalid was put on the board of directors. A CIA memo on BCCI in the mid-'80s noted: "Its principal shareholders are among the power elite of the Middle East, including the rulers of Dubai and the United Arab Emirates and several influential Saudi Arabians, that was more interested in profitability than promoting the Muslim cause."

Who was James Bath?

This is key for the Americans. James Bath is a Texas businessman who became the middleman for Khalid bin Mahfouz, helping him invest money in the U.S. They also worked with another Saudi named Ghaith Pharaon; the three of them owned Houston's main bank. Then, when the first Bush was the CIA head in '76, they sold some planes of Air America—the secret proprietary [CIA air force] used during the Vietnam War—to Skyway, a company owned by Bath. That's a very interesting, close connection.

Then Bath turned around and helped finance George W. Bush's oil company, Arbusto Energy, in 1978, '79 and '80, so the Bushes, Bath and Mahfouz are financially helping each other. Then when Bush Junior's Harken Energy got into trouble in 1987, it received $25 million in financing from the Union Bank of Switzerland in a convoluted deal. The Union Bank was partners with BCCI in another bank in Switzerland, so they were connected. Part of the deal gave a Harken Energy board seat to [Saudi real estate tycoon] Sheikh Abdullah Bakhsh. His chief banker was BCCI shareholder Mahfouz, so it was all in the money family.

What's the tie-in between Harken and Osama's half-brother, Salem bin Laden?

In 1988, George Bush Senior was elected President, and his son's Harken Energy got some new investors—among them, Osama's half-brother Salem bin Laden and Mahfouz. Again, the money moves between the favorite partners.

One of the other top shareholders was Bahrain's prime minister, Sheikh Khalifa bin Salman al Khalifa. Al Khalifa's brother gave Harken its offshore drilling contracts. Harken never had any experience doing offshore drilling. All of a sudden it got this multimillion-dollar contract from Bahrain.

You quote Jack Bloom, who worked on Senator Kerry's BCCI investigation, as saying, "This whole collection of people were wrapped up in the Bush crowd in Texas."

We know they gave money to George W. Bush's Arbusto and Harken when those companies' business deals were in trouble, and Bush Senior's CIA gave them Air America planes. There was a financial relationship between them. Politically, during the Reagan period, Bush [Senior] was able to use them to move money to Osama. When BCCI got in trouble during Bush Senior's Presidency, his politicized Justice Department did not seriously go after the bank until New York District Attorney Robert Morgenthau did. Obviously, they were protecting each other. This was a dirty bank being used by the Bushes.

BCCI also tainted Democrats, notably Clark Clifford.

BCCI wanted to get into the American banking business but couldn't because nobody could audit their books. BCCI was based in London but registered in two places: Grand Cayman and Luxembourg, offshore tax havens. BCCI divided up the books so nobody could look at all of them. If BCCI started to bank in the U.S., who knew what kind of money would be moving into that bank—Abu Nidal's or the Medellin Cartel?

Deciding to secretly buy a bank, they needed some frontmen and got Clark Clifford—who had a great reputation as a former Cabinet secretary and Presidential adviser—plus his friend and protégé, Robert Altman, who married actress Lynda Carter [television's *Wonder Woman*; see pages 102-103 of this issue].

Did A.Q. Khan, father of Pakistan's atomic bomb, benefit from BCCI?

Yes, indeed. BCCI was the funder of very dangerous projects and activities, and that was one of them. If you need money for something you can't go to a bank for legitimately, you get it from a bank like BCCI. Because BCCI was run by Pakistanis, it had very close connections to what was happening in Pakistan. BCCI set up a foundation in Pakistan that donated $10 million to Khan's Technology Center.

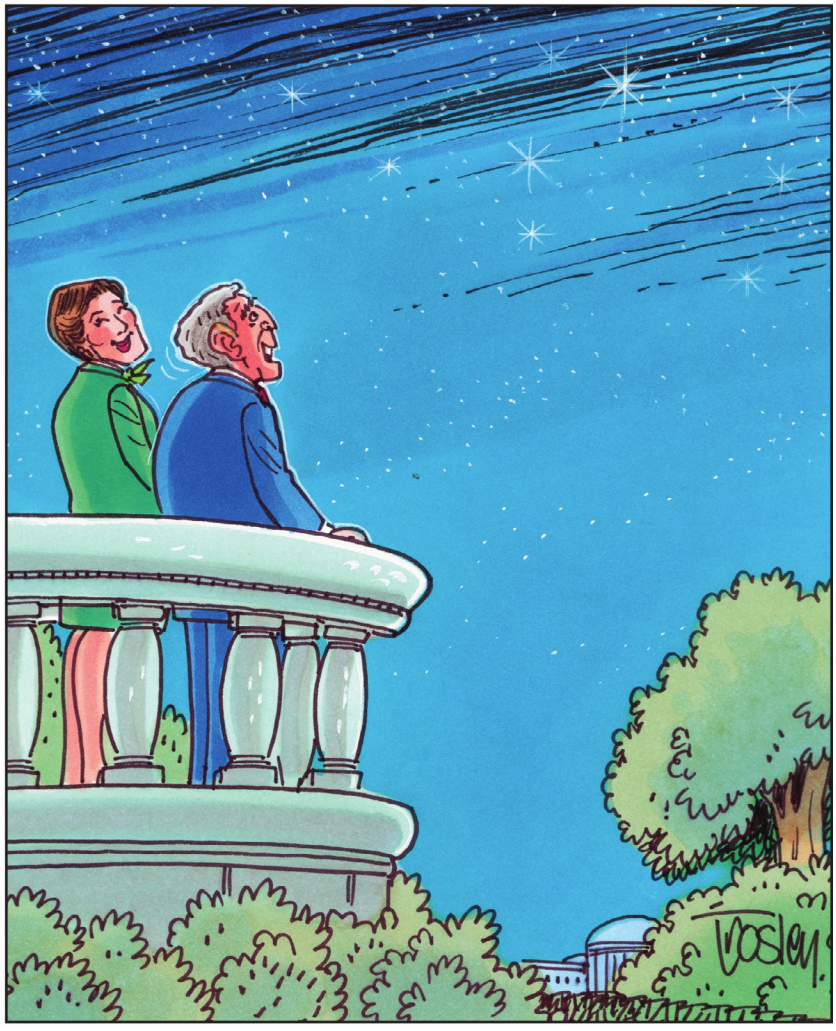
You write, "Offshore exists because the world's big banks want it to exist." Which big banks participated in, and even profited from, BCCI?

In addition to BNL, the Bank of England was supposed to oversee BCCI to make sure it wasn't crooked; they didn't do their job. Bank of America got involved in the '70s. By then, BCCI had moved into the U.S., but there wasn't documentation of loans. The loans ended up going to insiders.

Bank of America "smelled a rat" and got out in 1978. But they didn't tell authorities, overseers, anybody, that something funny was going on, because they wanted to sell their BCCI shares for a high price. They'd invested two-and-a-half million and ended up with $34 million.

Whatever happened to BCCI?

Once investigations *(continued on page 106)*



"We've been so successful, it makes me wonder if there's lying, cheating, stealing and killing on other planets."

BY K.K. LE ROQUE

HEAVENLY BODIES

Meet Alternative Porn's New Angels: GODSGIRLS!

THERE'S AN OLD SONG THAT GOES "Thank heaven for little girls." We think it's apropos to add the line "Who are all over 18, adorned with tattoos and piercings and love to get naked as often as possible." Meet **GodsGirls.com**, the greatest thing to hit the skin biz in years.

This site is more than a pretentious newcomer on the World Wide Web; it's an online revolution. With a production facility based in downtown Los Angeles, the daring enterprise intends to turn out new erotic entertainment stars akin to Andy Warhol's fabled Factory back in the '60s. The girls live and work in a tightly knit community with one goal: to rule the alternative-porn world.

The provocative Internet site has been up and running for a little over a year, and in that short time it has generated a ton

PHOTOS COURTESY GODSGIRLS.COM

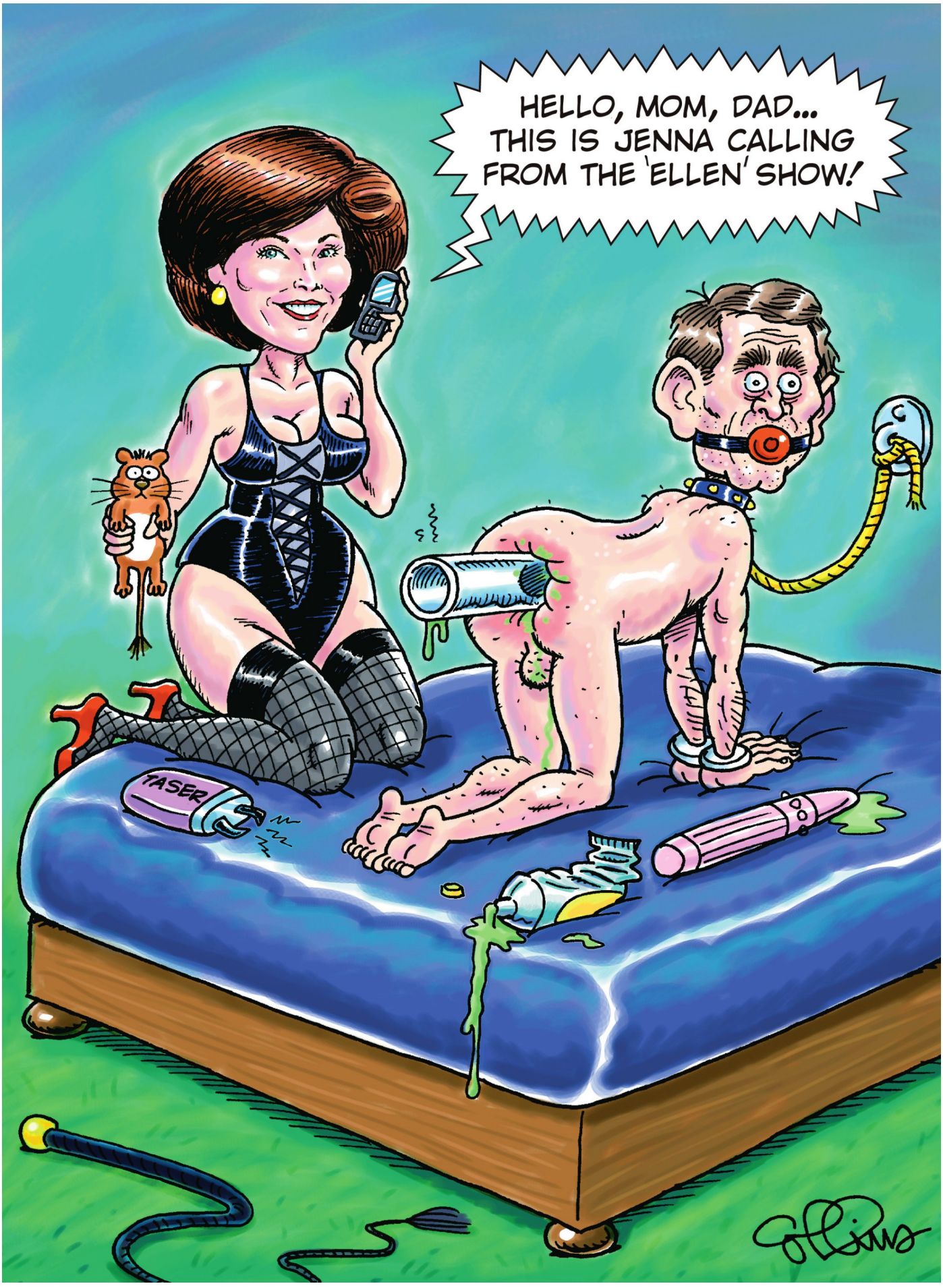
GODSGIRLS

of interest and fans, including more than 80,000 friends on MySpace.

GodsGirls.com offers cutting-edge erotic pictorials with a flair usually seen only in high-end fashion photography. Thanks to the site's expert lensmen, stylists and makeup artists, the showcased models are transformed into glamorous creatures worthy of *Vogue* or *Elle*, if not for one key difference: They choose to remove their clothes! Even though a GodsGirl may not fit the traditional paradigm of beauty, she can still be gorgeous in the eye of the beholder.

Cynics may dismiss this relatively new kid on the block as a rip-off of Suicide Girls. They would be wrong. While the concepts of each are similar, GodsGirls thrives not only on unabashed titillation, but also on fostering an interactive community. You are welcome into this wondrous world—which includes live events and assorted special treats—via digital eavesdropping, instant messaging and chats.

But the bottom line is that GodsGirls features more content than any other alt-porn site out there and adds up to 400 new photos every day. Did we mention the nudity? We did? Cool. Check out **GodsGirls.com**. We swear it will make you see God.


HELLO, MOM, DAD... THIS IS JENNA CALLING FROM THE 'ELLEN' SHOW!
TASER

ONLY IN HUSTLER:
1st
NUDE LAYOUT!
BRAND-NEW
BABE IN TOWN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO
DAKODA BROOKES

Revenge is a dish best served cold, the saying goes, but **Dakoda Brookes** begs to differ—and that's not all the Southern hottie begs for in her syrupy drawl. "No one believes me, but the first time I had sex on film," the onetime Army brat recollects, "I'd only been with my boyfriend. I finally lost my virginity to him just after I turned 18, but the sonofabitch cheated on me. So I ran off and did a little porn as revenge." Sweet!

"I only did one blowjob scene," **Dakoda** continues, "but I had a feeling I'd take things a lot farther at some point. I was already an exhibitionist. It all started at a Super Bowl party when I was still living in a redneck town in Florida. Anyways, by kickoff time I was buck nekkid and ready to cheer on the Buccaneers. I streaked around the house and jumped in the pool whenever they scored!"

Rushing off to California, **Dakoda** has flung herself into the adult industry with the same enthusiasm. "I'm just living life to its fullest and having a blast modeling nude and being a naughty girl in movies," she tells us. How naughty? "I love sucking cocks and the hard, rough stuff. Don't just fuck me. Choke me, spank my ass, pull my hair and go to town, baby! Dang, I'm not a pussy, but I love that too!"

DAKODA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Zephyrhills, Florida ("But I was born on an Army base in Anniston, Alabama.")

AGE: 19

BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio

HEIGHT: 5-3

WEIGHT: 100

MEASUREMENTS: 32B-24-34

No wonder **Dakoda** is now shacking up with Shy Love and several other vid vixens in a party house packed with cameras and all sorts of wanton opportunities. The "fun and outgoing" darling may miss some episodes of *Weeds*, *Dexter* and *Californication*, but there's no stopping her when she grabs a mouse. "I'm a total MySpace addict," **Dakoda** declares. "Maybe someday y'all will find out what I did one time to commandeer a buddy's computer so I could go online and see what my friends had to say."

You can find out what **Dakoda** did to get Internet access in Scott Fayner's exclusive profile in our July '08 issue.

The Short, Sad Life of Haley Paige

Porn stud Jerry came to Haley's rescue in a September '05 HUSTLER fantasy pictorial.

Memories of a porn

BY SCOTT FAYNER

star on the road to doom.

The last time I saw Haley Paige was in January 2006. She called me one rainy Friday morning looking for cocaine. What followed was three days of nasal delights, the two of us naked in a hot tub, exploring the feral delights of two people with plenty of free time and nothing to lose.

I recall being draped in soap bubbles as the troubled, fun-bagged beauty slurped on my cock in between inhaling thick lines of blow from a mirror on the tub's rim. Haley ingested the drug with an uncontrolled gusto, not because she fancied the high, but because she feared the lows. Had I been smart enough, aware enough, to know this was the case, I may have tried to help Haley deal with the demons festering inside her. Except I didn't. Now Haley's dead.

I didn't kill her; that much is certain. What isn't certain is which of the many pitfalls she had endured in her short life finally did. Was it her family's cult background? Her uncle's alleged molestation? Years of drug abuse? The toll of performing in hundreds of porn films? Her husband's history of alcoholism and physical abuse toward women?

Abusive husband? Maybe someone should ask *him* what happened to Haley. Oh, yeah, that's right: He's dead too!

Haley Paige—born Maryam Irene Haley on December 30, 1981—kept her dark past to herself. A blank Paige, you could say. It was not until I interviewed her for the adult-industry gossip Web site **LukeFord.com**, the last time I saw her alive, that anyone suspected there may have been something psychologically wrong with Haley. Up to this point, she seemed just like the rest of the young crop of hired harlots skipping through Porn Valley—maybe a tad emotionally dented and fucked up on drugs, but nothing so serious that she stood out from *that* huddled mass. It was just life in the sex lane.

Unusual suspect: Wanker Wang, the "out-of-control time bomb" who wed Haley just weeks before her death.

Haley's existence, I found out, was a bit more damaged than she wanted to reveal to outsiders. "I'm from Chinchilla, Mexico," she told me. "My parents were religious nuts. Missionaries I think they're called. It was very much a cult. The early years of my life were a total lie. My mother is still involved in it, so I shouldn't really say much more, but it is funny how people can be brainwashed so easily."

When Haley moved to Southern California with her father and brother in 1993, her baggage was more emotional than physical. "It took years to shake off the effects that cult had on my childhood," she tearfully confided.

Before getting a chance to shake off her "religious" upbringing, Haley's uncle molested her. Supposedly. Repeatedly. With her parents' knowledge. Well, that was the gossip that spread about her. Was it true?

Not according to Haley's father. He had heard the stories about his brother, but absolutely denied anything like that ever happened. Some say the incest/molestation tale was invented by her boyfriend (and later husband) Wanker Wang for some twisted psychological leverage, to keep Haley from staying close to her family. Some suggest Haley herself may have been exaggerating. Or lying. Or not.

As for Haley's beloved older brother, she informed

THE SHORT, SAD LIFE OF HALEY PAIGE

me, "He's in Corcoran Prison serving 100 years to life for first-degree murder. He bashed some guy's head with a rock and killed him in self-defense. I doubt he'll ever get out. That really hurts me because through the years it was basically just him and me keeping each other sane. The worst part is he has a son he's never met."

Then there's Haley's kidnapping. Okay, *alleged* kidnapping. "The year I spent as a prisoner" she called the episode. "I got a job doing public relations for a travel Web site in 2002," Haley explained. "I went to Hawaii for two months. Everything was great, then we went to New Zealand. The guy I was working for, up until then, was a perfect boss. All of a sudden he flipped out and stole my passport, credit cards and money. He told me I wasn't allowed to leave his sight. My e-mails were screened. But we were doing so many fun things that I didn't really mind for a while."

Trying to stifle her tears, Haley continued, "It was an obsession. The funny part was that my parents didn't even care. He'd use how they never e-mailed me against me: 'They don't even love you!' Eventually, I became super-depressed, homesick, crying for two months straight. I guess it got to him, 'cause one day he called my father and said, 'Send her a ticket.' That was it. When I got back, I didn't even tell my dad what had happened. And yes, this scared me. But I don't really deal with things. Ever. I think that's my problem."

Scary as all hell, but Haley's life didn't turn truly perilous until she met Wanker Wang. Born Inkyo Volt Hwang in 1969 in California, "Chico" (as he liked to be called) came off as a shy, Asian computer nerd who cut his porn teeth running Web sites at now-defunct Extreme Associates beginning in 2000. Soon after, LukeFord.com hired Wang as a writer. Reading Wang's late-night, drunken ramblings—which often included death threats against his "enemies"—regular readers soon sensed that inside this goofy, carefree kid with a big, round head was the cold heart of a violent, alcoholic predator.

In 2002, about the time Haley discovered that her mouth, ass and pussy could be used to make money in the adult-entertainment industry, Wanker Wang started a new career as a director for Diabolic. His stuff wasn't your run-of-the-mill, connect-the-dots porn videos. Chico's masterpieces included *Un-Natural Sex*, *No Swallowing Allowed*, *Lewd Conduct* and *Spring Chickens*. The last, as the title suggests, had clueless women cackling like a hen before finally having sex with Wang's fat, hairy associate in a kiddie pool filled with SpaghettiOs. Wanker enjoyed degrading women. He made his hired actresses perform humiliating acts. He called them dumb whores. It was his "thing."

Meanwhile, Haley had married porn director Martin Del Toro in April 2006; she claimed that it would allow him to stay in this country legally. Who knows? Six months later the couple divorced.

Haley started dating Wanker Wang. Her pill-popping graduated into full-blown heroin addiction. There were frequent reports of her flaking out and pulling no-shows, or nodding out when she did make it to a shoot. Gossip moves fast through porn central, L.A.'s San Fernando Valley. Wanker Wang also spiraled further out of control, drinking all day and snorting cocaine during his sporadic shoots for Diabolic and the various Web sites he owned.

Haley and Wanker went into hiding, but they couldn't stay out of the spotlight for too long. On June 29, 2007, Wang was arrested on "felony charges related to his pistol-whipping, kidnapping and torturing his fiancée, Maryam Irene Haley," according to a report featured on **LukeIsBack.com**. Haley refused to press charges, and Wang was released from custody on July 3.

Days later, journalist Luke Ford uncovered something about Wanker Wang's past that shocked the industry. All things considered, that isn't easy. Ten years earlier, in December 1997, Wang had received a four-year sentence to state prison. The charges, which worried many of Haley's friends but surprised no one, were sexual battery and assault with a deadly weapon. He had beaten, kidnapped and raped his girlfriend, a UCLA student named Helen Na. Unlike Haley, Na pressed charges. Convicted felon Inkyo Volt Hwang (a/k/a Wanker Wang) was released after two-and-a-half years.

Wanker Wang was a dangerous monster. Apparently, this news meant something to everyone *except* Haley. Instead of fleeing the out-of-control time bomb to save herself, she married the fuck! They tied the knot on August 2, 2007, in Las Vegas. Many industry people feared it

wouldn't be long until one or both were dead. It took a mere three weeks.

On September 16, 2007, Haley's father, Ken Haley, announced on **Bastardly.com** that his only daughter was dead. "Haley Paige passed from this life on August 21, 2007. In the company of Chico Wang. Who ya gonna blame?"

So how did poor Haley Paige die? Nobody knows, except maybe Wanker Wang. The medical examination couldn't find obvious signs of trauma, such as bruises, gunshots, wounds or broken bones. It didn't seem to be a drug overdose. Toxicology results revealed only a minimal amount of methadone in Haley's body. The investigator, Detective Gary Wheelus of the Monterey County Sheriff's Coroner Division, listed the cause of death as "undetermined."

Almost everyone in the adult industry agreed with Ken Haley: Wanker Wang had killed Haley Paige, but where was the proof?

Of course, Wang had been the obvious suspect. The *Monterey Herald* reported on October 20, 2007: "Hwang was arrested and booked into Monterey County Jail on suspicion of possessing a stolen vehicle. He was also booked on suspicion of murder." But 48 hours passed without prosecutors filing charges. On August 24, three days after Haley's death, the jail was forced to release Wang. That was the last contact anyone had with him.

Wang headed north. His corpse was discovered in a room at an Economy Inn in Morgan Hill, California, on September 29, 2007. There was no sign of trauma, and no drugs or weapons were recovered from the scene. He was 38.

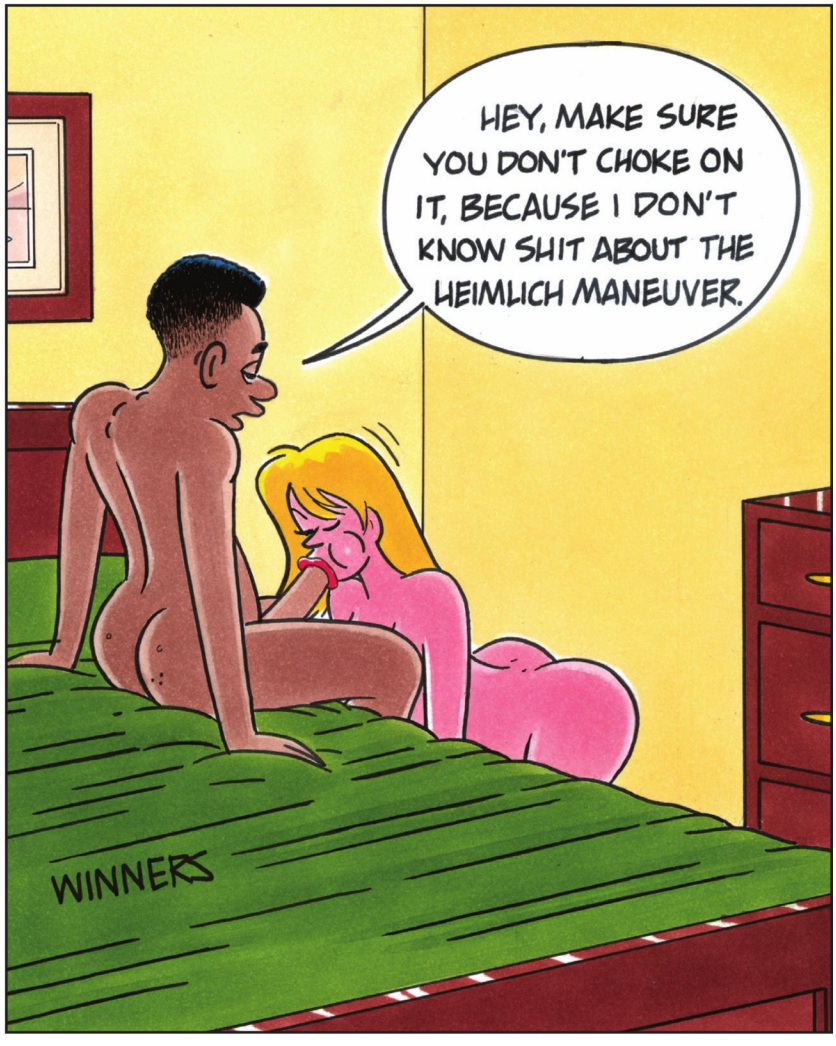
An online uproar ensued within the insular adult-industry blog community. Almost everyone who knew Wang personally declared him Haley's murderer. Stories of his sadistic nature continue to flood porn blogs and news sites.

But did Wanker Wang really kill Haley Paige? Or was it one of the many other hardships this sweet, gorgeous girl experienced in her 25 years of life? No one will ever know. Someone might have said something to her, done something for her. Maybe she would have listened and saved herself; maybe she'd have continued down the path of self-destruction her parents mapped for her years before.

Maybe I could have said something or done something that coke-fueled weekend in the hot tub. But I didn't. No one did.

Born and raised in Massachusetts (the state that gave us the Puritans), Scott Fayner is a onetime HUSTLER staffer who's fascinated by the porn biz. So it makes sense that he'd write a movie script about the very industry the keen observer can't seem to escape. Fayner's zany musings about the skin trade are posted at ***LukeFord.com****.*

"Hey, Reverend, does having conservative family values demand that my husband not have a fucking clue what a clitoris is?!"



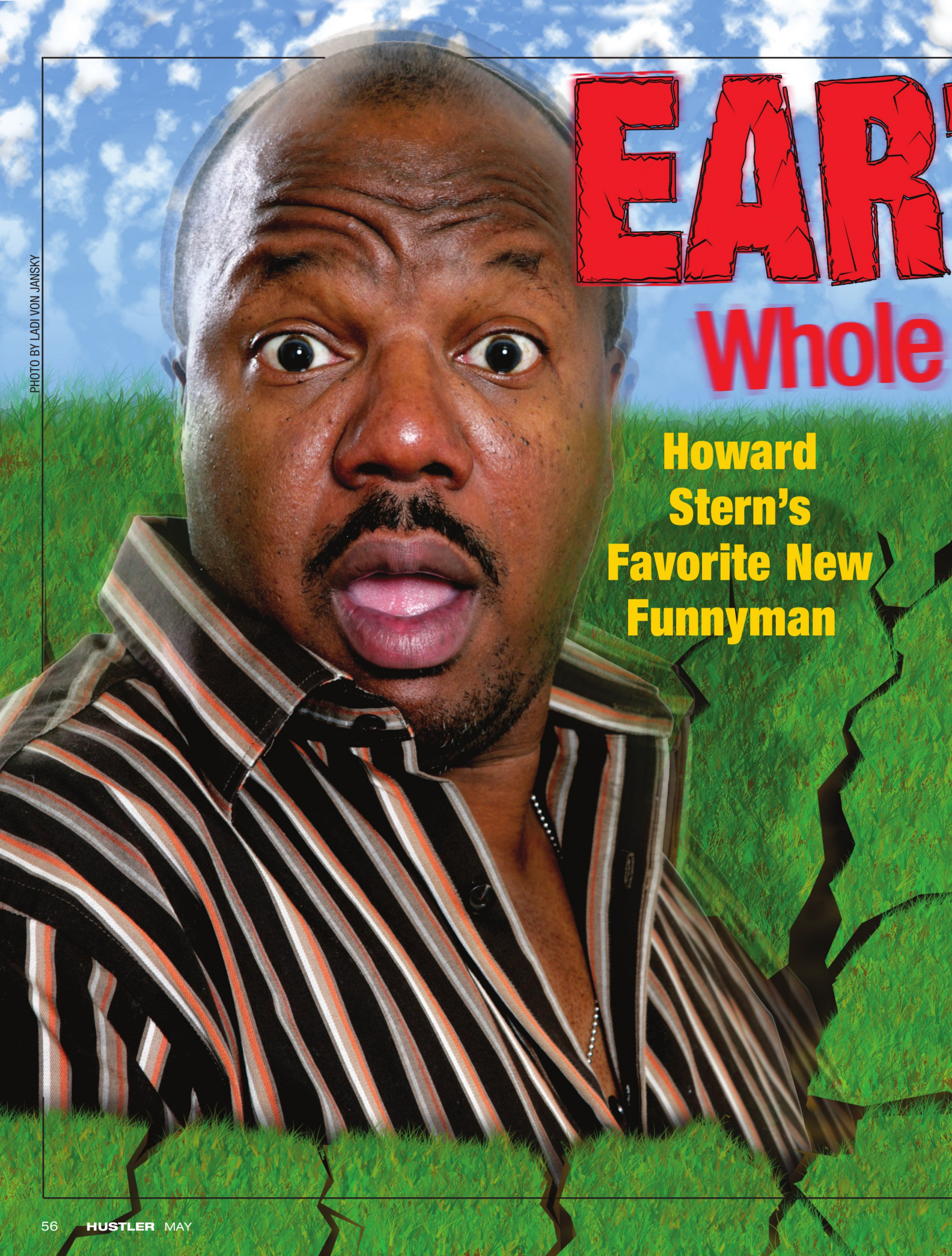


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

BY KEITH VALCOURT

THQUAKE

Lotta Shakin' Goin' On!

COMEDIAN EARTHQUAKE IS SHAKING up showbiz. Now living in Los Angeles, the big guy rumbled up to HUSTLER headquarters to talk with *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt about fucking Condoleezza Rice (but not Scary Spice), hanging out at strip clubs and whether or not he's the next Eddie Murphy.

HUSTLER: Why did you name yourself after a natural disaster?

EARTHQUAKE: My real name is Nathaniel Stroman, and that just don't roll off the tongue. My mother named me Earthquake because she said my birth was a natural disaster. Any time a woman takes all the precautions and still gets pregnant—the guys wear a condom, she's on the Pill, plus a diaphragm and foam, and you still get knocked up—that's a natural disaster!

In the wake of Hurricane Katrina and the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, are you glad you kept the nickname Earthquake?

Yeah. The name is doing well for me.

How did you get into comedy?

I was in the military for 11 years, and my tour was up. I did not want to reenlist because the war had just broke out. So I had to find something else. I just started talking about my life. I didn't have an epiphany.

Who are your influences?

Eddie Murphy, for his consistency and longevity. He has been hitting since he was 17. He has so much respect for stand-up that he doesn't mess with it. I admire his decision-making, except for Scary Spice.

So you wouldn't fuck Scary Spice?

I ain't fucking Scary Spice! Fuck Scary Spice! Way *too* scary. When it comes to Scary, I'm like New Edition: "Count Me Out."

Do comedy groupies exist?

Hell, no! And if they do, then I haven't got my fair share, 'cause all the women I mess with are terrible. They have these unrealistic expectations of what their lifestyle should be. Just because you hang with Eddie Murphy don't mean you got Eddie Murphy's money. I tell them we can do anything Eddie Murphy does, but we can only do it for one day!

How do you find the right woman?

One word: outsourcing! Like any good corporation, I outsource my lovin'. Get me a woman that is overseas and affordable. I'm going to import one from Brazil or Mexico. All she wants is a good man in a house with running water and maybe a black-and-white TV. Those Third World women appreciate the American dream.

Do you spend a lot of time in strip clubs?

Yes! It's the best shopping in the world. You get to see the produce. What better thing is there than beautiful women dancing right in front of you while you're listening to your favorite music, sipping your favorite beverage—and all for a handful of crumpled-up singles?

Ever go for a strip joint's buffet?

I don't do that. I don't think that is cool, but if you do, at least you know what you're getting.

Who would you rather hang out with, quarterback Michael Vick (when he's not in the slammer) or Dog the Bounty Hunter?

Michael Vick. Yeah! Dog is off.

You mention Condoleezza Rice in your act. What do you think about our Secretary of State?

I love her work ethic, her dedication to a fucked-up cause. She doesn't bow down. She keeps the focus. She lied for her man Bush on national television, and I can't even get a girl to lie to my supervisor.

Would you fuck her?

Hell, yes! I would fuck Condoleezza! Fuck the shit out of her. I'd be all up in the White House, saying, "Hey, wuzzup, George? Condi, I'll be waiting outside." She's single too. That's a fine woman. I'll bet she's got a FICO score of at least 750.

Howard Stern recently called you his favorite new comedian.

He watched my HBO special and called me in. We've been cool ever since. I love him.

What's next?

I'm about to put out my best comedy album ever, called *Mic Check*. It's for every comedian who's out there saying they're a comedian. It's time for them to authenticate their work. You see a lot of guys living off the past. "Welcome to the 19th Comedy Heavyweight Champion of 1979." It's time for a lot of those guys to go back to the comedy DMV and renew their license.

Who is out there doing it that you respect?

Katt Williams, Don "DC" Curry and Chris Rock.

Do you hope to be the next Eddie Murphy?

I'm not even that hungry. I'm that dude on the couch. Some people want to dominate the world. Who wants to run this motherfucker? I just want market-rate appreciation for my talent. I don't understand how people get a hundred million dollars and still work. What the fuck you working for?! Give me that and I'd be on the couch with a hundred million, smoking a nice one and calling Condi on the phone.

SCREEN NAME:

Ambrosia

AGE: 22

STATUS: Married

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 69

Sorry, everyone, but this breathtaking Californian has been happily married since she was 18. Luckily for all of us, her husband isn't afraid to share—at least when it comes to admirers gazing at the 5-foot-10, 34D-27-34 bombshell.

Amber may be a devoted, faithful housewife, but she's opened lots of eyes since venturing to cyberspace. What started out as a few provocative photos for a childhood friend's Web site eventually blossomed into her very own hard-core fantasy realm. The menu even included videos of amorous Amber giving her man blowjobs and then taking him on for some hard-pounding action. All in a day's work for this self-confessed exhibitionist, who loves nothing more than to get butt naked and turn her fans on.

In the day-to-day grind, Amber is a licensed pharmacy technician, and her long-range plans include becoming a full-fledged pharmacist. As for certain self-righteous pharmacists who refuse to dispense the "morning after pill," Amber has a low opinion. "No offense," she says, "but those are people who just don't understand. They're very close-minded."

Like Larry Flynt, Amber enjoys a rousing game of high-stakes poker, and the young lady witnessed quite a few while working as a casino's Texas Hold 'Em dealer. "I once dealt a game whose pot grew to $93,000," she recalls. "A guy with four 10s lost to a royal flush!" With the winner's handsome tip, Amber went out and bought an English bulldog she aptly named Jackpot.

Going all in, so to speak, the stacked cyberbabe reveals her biggest turn-ons. "I love being spanked and bitten on the neck," she admits. "It's a vampire thing." Amber, who's also a card-carrying member of the infamous Mile High Club, promises to finally offer her online audience something extra-special: anal sex, which she enjoys "as long as it's with a toy in the front as well!"

Being an Internet chick from a small town has made Amber somewhat of a local celebrity, and she hopes exposure in HUSTLER will only increase her fame. Since her original profile was deleted, she's starting all over again, adding new and old friends. So hurry up and visit **MySpace.com/RealAmbrosia**, which will feature lots of photos and info on her reincarnated explicit Web site.

THE GIRLS OF MY S

BY TYLER DOWNEY

SPACE #16: AMBER

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

REVEREND BILLY

THE CHURCH OF STOP SHOPPING'S FIERY PROPHET

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & ED RAMPELL

MEET REVEREND BILLY, whose spirited campaign to address Americans' spending habits (particularly around Christmastime) is chronicled in *What Would Jesus Buy?* Produced by Morgan Spurlock of *Super Size Me* fame, the acclaimed documentary follows the flamboyant "preacher" and his Church of Stop Shopping Gospel Choir as they joyously sing the praises of anti-consumerism during a month-long tour through the Heartland.

Understandably, on their crusade to exorcise "the demons of the cash register," Reverend Billy and his troupe are not welcomed with open arms. From Wal-Marts to Disneyland, as the cameras roll, the Rev finds himself getting hauled off in handcuffs for praying on public sidewalks or reciting the Constitution of the United States.

THE MOVIE SANTA DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE!
"BRILLIANT ...I truly loved this film." -AIN'T IT COOL NEWS
"SERIOUSLY HILARIOUS!" -VARIETY
From Producer MORGAN SPURLOCK
What Would Jesus Buy?
Group Sales: 877-447-4670
http://www.wwjbmovie.com

His red-robed choir and histrionics may emulate the trappings of a traditional revival meeting, but Reverend Billy has a sincere message: Don't support consumerism; support your neighbors and independent businesses; think twice about being misled by advertising.

HUSTLER sat down with Reverend Billy, the high-profile alter ego of Bill Talen. Accompanying the activist was Savitri, the activist's female companion and choir choreographer/director.

HUSTLER: Did your Church of Stop Shopping start as street theater?

REVEREND BILLY: Yes. I lived near Times Square in Hell's Kitchen in New York City. We

noticed that some of the more interesting people in the neighborhood were disappearing. They were being arrested by Rudy Giuliani's police. Every day, Giuliani was demonizing us, calling us all muggers and drug dealers.

Of course, some of us *were*. But on a macroeconomic level, Disney was coming into Times Square. Lawyers intimidated people who owned barber shops, scuba gear supply shops, hamburger joints and, in some cases, businesses that had been in the neighborhood 30 or 40 years. They just wanted to get them out of there.

I had been a playwright and a poet. Savitri and I both have a theater background. Reverend Sidney Lanier was talking me into trying to invent a new kind of American preacher. That's his phrase. I asked myself, "Who's raising their voice here? There seems to be no objection to this 'mall-ification' of Times Square. They're privatizing the sidewalks." The policemen are saying, "If you don't have a credit card, if you're not a tourist, I'm going to arrest you."

Sidney and I decided that I would start my career as a preacher in front of the Disney Store at 42nd Street and 7th Avenue, right next to *The Lion King*, ten years ago. We had to have a theology, so we had to have a devil. In this case, the devil was clearly Mickey Mouse. (*Exaggerated preacher's voice.*) "Mickey Mou-u-us-s-s-e is the Antichrist, children!" That was the beginning.

We started having town meetings out on the sidewalks. "What is all this advertising doing to us? What is this pressure, this 'Buy, buy, buy!' *(continued on page 64)*

MORGAN SPURLOCK Supersizing Awareness

BY TED NEWSOM

MORGAN SPURLOCK, the producer of *What Would Jesus Buy?*, first got famous by packing his maw three times a day at McDonald's restaurants for a solid month. He chronicled his 30-day strict diet of Big Macs, mountains of French fries and enough Coke to float a Buick in the documentary *Super Size Me.* Not only did Spurlock finance and shoot the film himself, he also packed on 25 pounds, screwed up his blood pressure and sent his cholesterol to toxic levels. Luckily, the anti-establishment auteur is now back to normal, while the huge success of *Super Size Me* has propelled the West Virginia native to prominence.

Besides delivering two hit documentaries, Spurlock is the producer and onscreen host of *30 Days*, a cable series that plops an individual into a contrary environment for a month: an atheist in a devout Christian household, a hunter in a vegan family, and so on. Not bad for a failed stand-up comic who was homeless for a time and got turned down by the USC film school five times.

HUSTLER: How would you describe *What Would Jesus Buy?*

MORGAN SPURLOCK: I think it's a docu-comedy. I think the film uses humor to get a serious and strong message out. Everybody who's seen it has a good time. They laugh, but they also talk about what they've just seen.

Many documentaries tend to lay out a problem and say, "This is fucked up" but offer no solutions. Yours actually provides alternatives.

I think that's important. There are things we *can* change. The answers are there. Instead of buying huge amounts of stuff because it's cheap, we can think about what we buy and give ourselves the option of where we're buying it. Think about paying a little more, supporting the store down the street, a mom-and-pop outfit, instead of giant superstores which import all this stuff from factories in China and India, places which use slave *(continued on page 64)*

MORGAN SPURLOCK

(continued from page 63) labor. When we buy this stuff, we support that.

How did you finance *What Would Jesus Buy?*

I called a friend in Chicago. He knew [Reverend] Billy already, liked his message, so he and I paid to get this show on the road. After we got back to New York, some investors came in and helped us finish the movie. When it came to putting it into theaters, distributors were scared to death because the film talks about Disney and Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart is 50% of the DVD market in America today. So people were afraid to deal with it. I ultimately raised the money to distribute the film in theaters myself.

Of all the targets you hit, which are you most proud of pissing off?

(*Laughs.*) I don't know. I think that any time you can get somebody angry enough to change their business practices, it's a great thing. After *Super Size Me*, McDonald's changed a lot of the ways they did business, and a lot of people who went there changed the way they'd buy things. I'm still blown away by that.

What results would you like to see from *What Would Jesus Buy?*

Every day, I'm stopped on the street by people who saw *Super Size Me* and tell me how it changed the way that they eat. There was a guy in London who pulled out a picture of himself. (*Spurlock affects a Cockney accent.*) "Look, mate, that was me a year ago! I was huge. I was *huge!* Look what you done wif your movie! I lost ten stone!"

This guy lost a hundred pounds after he saw the film! So when the film comes out, I would like for people to stop and say, "It's not all this junk, all this stuff I'm buying that's going to make me happy." If they start looking at labels and see where stuff is made, and buy stuff that was made in America, if they start buying stuff at mom-and-pop shops around the corner, then we'll have done something. Just to make the consumer stop and think is an accomplishment.

When you walk through a store, everything is labeled "Made in China," "Made in India," "Made in Korea."

It's such an amazing thing. A woman who'd seen the movie, a Christian, said, "You know, I've never in my life thought about how I shop as a Christian." That's a really profound statement.

One of the people we interviewed for the film was a missionary who had been proselytizing about Christianity in China. She was arrested, tortured, shocked in the mouth with a cattle prod and sentenced to prison. In prison, her job was to make Christmas lights. I can't think of anything more contradictory to that holiday than her story.

***Super Size Me* made you a high-visibility celebrity. Do you see the same thing happening to Reverend Billy?**

I think Billy is an incredibly charismatic figure. He walks the walk and talks the talk. This isn't just all show with him. He uses this character to make us laugh and think, which is a fantastic ability. I hope the film is successful and leads to more great things for Billy. He's on a very noble quest. Billy—Bill Talen, the real guy—is a pretty neat person. He knows how far this character Reverend Billy can go.

Unlike *Super Size Me*, you stay behind the scenes in this movie.

For me, it's exciting. It gets new and important messages out there, from people with unique voices and vision. To see other people carry the torch is rewarding.

And there's less heavy lifting.

That's exactly right. A lot less heavy lifting!

***30 Days* is aired on the Fox media conglomerate's FX network. Considering Fox's incredibly reactionary and conservative reputation, how did that happen?**

(*Laughs.*) That's what *I* said! I think maybe we're like Rupert Murdoch's conscience. "What do you mean I'm conservative? I've got this show on the air! See? Look! I've got 'Fair and Balanced' right there!" I'm just thankful he lets us make a show like that. I feel very lucky.

Do you get any flak from Fox higher-ups?

No, I think everybody loves the show. As long as people continue to watch, they'll keep putting it on the air.

What kind of diametric combinations can we look forward to?

We're doing season three right now, and we do a great episode about gun control. Somebody who's very antigun moves in with a pro-gun family in Ohio. I grew up in West Virginia, so I go back there to work in a coal mine for 30 days. Those guys are complete heroes to do that every day. I've been really blessed, man. That's why I try to get as much work as I can—because I don't know how long it's going to last!

Your next film is titled *Where in the World Is Osama bin Laden?* Can you tell us his whereabouts?

(*Laughs.*) I have to keep some secrets to myself, but you'll know in July when it opens!

REVEREND BILLY

(continued from page 63) and 'Spend, spend, spend!'? We're slaves to the corporate masters who want us to consume."

After 9/11, Savitri came into my life and fashioned a stage show, and with that we could make a living going to universities. We moved beyond sidewalk preaching into traveling from city to city. We've even traveled to Europe with the choir, to Berlin, London, Barcelona. We just got back from Buenos Aires.

Are you an ordained minister?

Oh, I think it would be a mistake for Reverend Billy to be an ordained minister. My mentor is Reverend Sidney Lanier, an Episcopal priest. For decades now I've had a tutorial relationship with him. But Reverend Billy ought to be an outsider. That's the better platform for my work.

In your book, *What Should I Do If Reverend Billy Is in My Store?*, you refer to something like the Big Box Free Speechless Area. What exactly do you mean?

The Big Box stores [like Wal-Mart] will construct their fluorescent Big Box on the edge of town, and they'll reconstruct the Main Street they destroyed inside the new environment, like a diorama almost. They'll use the styles of the Main Street.

I go into the Big Boxes and say, "Okay, so you stole our commons." We shout and dance and sing and preach, which is what we do in our church. What rights do we retain after these corporate people move our whole town under their dome, into their Big Box? Some people call that "contested space," because in different states they have different laws about the extent to which these are new commons.

So you challenge the right of stores like Wal-Mart to regulate your activity on their premises?

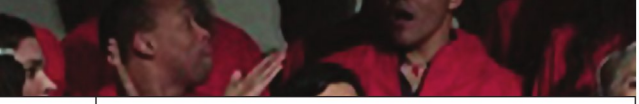
SAVITRI: There's discretionary enforcement. In Albany, New York, someone bought an antiwar T-shirt, which was actually printed *inside* the mall. They were arrested by mall security for wearing a T-shirt. They had just had it made in that *same mall!*

How do traditional Christians respond to you?

REVEREND BILLY: A lot of progressive Christians embrace us, and we're seeing a surprising level of support from the Right, the more conservative Christians, because the values are so in sync with Christianity.

How do the police react to you?

We'll preach in front of a store, on a public sidewalk, but if you have a camera, their first



response is, "That was aimed in the direction of our logo. And we want that tape!"

Then you say, "No, you can't have it. I'm on public property, and I have the right to take a picture of the front of your store." Like Kurt Vonnegut said, our most serious disease is obedience.

Inside, it's a slightly different matter. We were exorcising the demons from a cash register in a Starbucks, and the police would enter. Savitri would say something like, "Honey, we've got to get out of here." That would slow down my arrest, because as soon as you evoke the institution of marriage, many police back off. That's because marriage is more powerful to them than the laws of their own. Their official "operating manual" is not as strong as Savitri saying to me, "Honey, look what you're doing." They say to themselves, "Omigod, that's an angry wife."

Do you feel that God is talking to you or through you?

The serious and the comic go hand in hand in our work. That comes down to us through Lenny Bruce and our heroes who were funny and serious at the same time.

I think Jesus was a funny guy. I think Lenny Bruce was too. I would like to quote from our Holy Writ. We think it's what Jesus recited in some way, shape or form often on the sides of hills.

(*Reverend Billy and Savitri sing in unison.*) "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridge the freedom of speech, or abridge the freedom of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government for redress of grievances, free speech, free press, free people…"

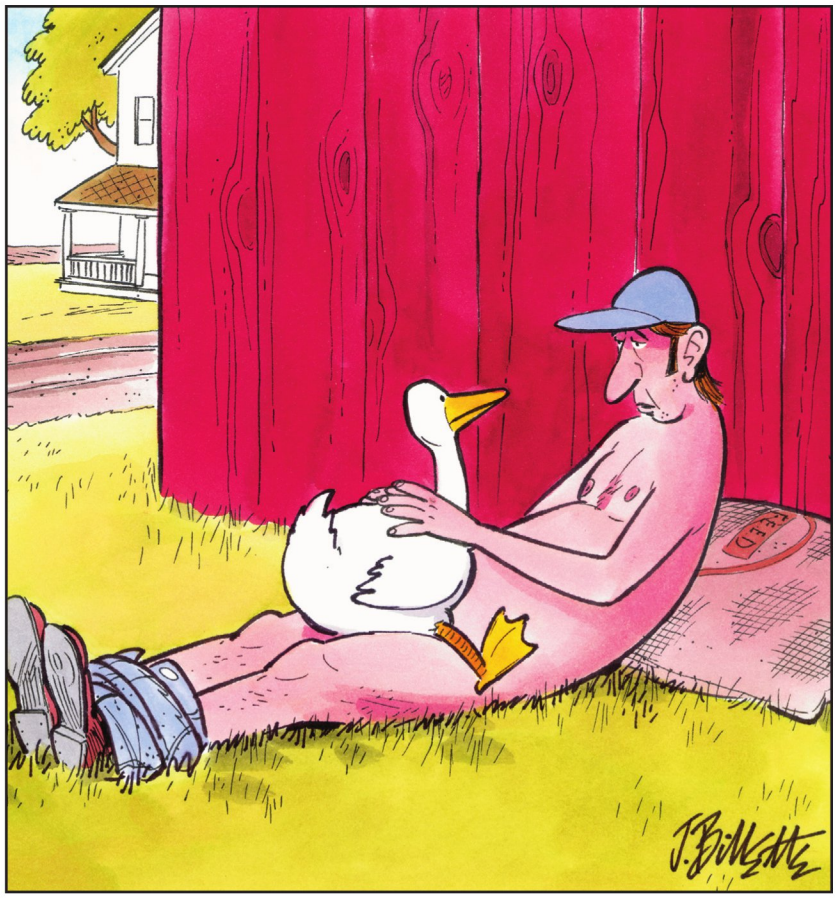
Although you're an evangelist, you are never seen soliciting money in *What Would Jesus Buy?* We thought that was the most miraculous aspect of the entire documentary.

Some sort of personal neuroses of mine. After you shout at people to "Stop your shopping, stop your shopping," it turns out it's very difficult to say, "But give me some money."

We're set up as a nonprofit theater company, and we have to pay our musicians, and we have fundraising that we must do. I actually have difficulty doing it; that's a part of a televangelist schtick that I've not been able to adopt. Now, I have no problem doing it for other people, like Pacifica Radio or some union.

(*In preacher's voice.*) "I want you to *reach down*, children, in the *bottoms* of your *pockets! Find* that change so that we can *make* change in the world! Come on, bring your change out *now!*" But for ourselves….

For more about the Church of Stop Shopping, visit RevBilly.com and WWJBmovie.com.



"When I dream of *us*, you have lips."

"I don't grant wishes. I just turn kids gay."

M

UFF-DIVING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL
JELENA JENSEN &
ARIA GIOVANNI

Jelena and **Aria** work hard at their day jobs as superhot porn queens. On a rare day off, the two babes decide to soak up some sun and hit the pool at a wealthy admirer's digs. While the old bastard is golfing, counting his money somewhere or perhaps ogling the goddesses through a picture window, **Jelena** and **Aria** enjoy each other's company and more.

"I'm so glad we didn't go to that bargain matinee," **Jelena** chimes out of the blue.

"Me too," **Aria** sighs. "So, wanna fool around?"

"You know I do, baby!" **Jelena** exclaims as she rips off her black two-piece. In a heartbeat, **Jelena** is chowing down on her to-die-for pal's sopping-wet honeypot. "Yummy, yummy," she coos as Ms. **Giovanni** heads to an orgasm supreme and her swimsuit disappears.

Aria is just as hungry, and when it's her turn to get a faceful, she knows every trick in the book. **Jelena**'s juicy snatch becomes a little playground for **Aria**'s fingers and mouth. "Oh, yeah, suck my clit!" **Jelena** roars, a climax close behind. Now *this* was a matinee well worth catching!

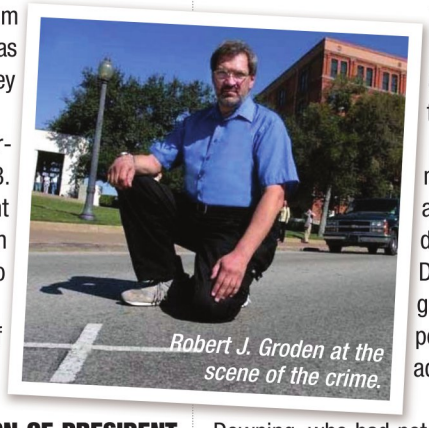
The Assassina Committee and

EDITOR'S NOTE: JOHN F. KENNEDY would have turned 90 on May 29 of this year. If longevity in other Presidents is any indicator, he would have been a respected elder statesman. Even those reviled by political enemies tend to be granted public forgiveness if they live long enough. The right wing no longer damned Truman after he vacated the White House; the left still disliked Nixon, but didn't hate him so much.

Chances are Kennedy would have served a second term, retired from politics in relative success and moved on to another endeavor, such as writing (which he did even before his father pushed him into politics) or the international humanitarian arena (as did Jimmy Carter). And this is assuming JFK's dicey health remained stable, and he reached old age.

However, the 43-year-old President was murdered on a trip to Texas on November 22, 1963. Author and researcher Robert J. Groden has spent much of his life uncovering the truth. Here is an excerpt from his upcoming book *Absolute Proof*, to be published by New Frontier Publications.

Opinions expressed in this article are those of Robert J. Groden.



Robert J. Groden at the scene of the crime.

BY 1969 THE SUBJECT OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY was a dead issue. During that year's JFK assassination conspiracy trial, questionable acts by Judge Edward Haggerty that benefited the defense, plus massive interference by the Central Intelligence Agency, ensured that New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's prosecution of "former" CIA contract agent Clay Shaw (an alleged participant) would fail. Afterward, by mere association, no one was able to present any evidence of the plot to kill Kennedy in Dallas—at least not publicly.

However, that all changed on the evening of March 6, 1975, when I screened a first-generation copy of Abraham Zapruder's film of the assassination publicly for the first time. That was the beginning of the road that led to the creation of the U.S. House of Representatives Select Committee on Assassinations in September 1976.

A GOOD BEGINNING: The committee's formal life and investigation commenced on January 1, 1977, and at first the outlook was very promising. The chairman was Democratic Congressman Thomas N. Downing of Virginia; its director and chief counsel was Richard A. Sprague. The plan was to start at square one, treating the case as an unsolved homicide and simply seeing where the evidence would lead. The committee was simply going to ignore the three "preconceived" conclusions: Lee Oswald's alleged guilt; the lone-assassin theory; and, finally, the totally impossible single-bullet theory.

Because of my unique work on the assassination films, together with my possession of, and experience with, the photographic evidence in the Kennedy case, Congressman Downing personally named me staff photographic consultant to the committee. (I held that position for the full life of the HSCA, plus 12 additional months, for a total of three years.)

The problems began with Congressman Downing, who had not run for reelection. Consequently, his term ran out, and he was unable to remain committee chairman. He was thereafter replaced by Democratic Congressman Henry Gonzalez of Texas. Sprague remained director, so there was still a good chance of the job being done correctly. The fly in the ointment was a "volunteer" in Congressman Gonzalez's office who hated Sprague. He created open warfare between the committee's two top men, opening the door for "outside" control of the HSCA.

Fourteen years later I was to learn from a former CIA liaison officer that this "volunteer" had been used by the CIA as an agent-provocateur to successfully derail the HSCA and create false leads in the entire JFK investigation. He was, and is to this day, an infiltrator in the assassina-

tions Me

ROBERT J. GRODEN **RECOUNTS HIS DISTURBING EXPERIENCES AS A CONGRESSIONAL PANEL GATHERED EVIDENCE POINTING TO A CONSPIRACY IN THE 1963 SHOOTING OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.**

In Abraham Zapruder's 8mm film, President John F. Kennedy appears to be shot from the front, not from behind as the Warren Commission ruled. Right: Autopsy photo shows head wound.

tion research community, whose job it is to spread misinformation and disinformation. He is what is known in spy circles as a mole.

On the eve of the Congressional vote to create the HSCA, an informal poll was taken of House members. It found that because of the bad press generated by the open fight between them, if either Sprague or Gonzalez stayed, the HSCA would be voted out of existence even before it actually began its work. Out of honorable concern for the investigation, both men quit and were replaced.

Mr. Gonzalez was replaced by Congressman Louis Stokes (D-Ohio), and Mr. Sprague was replaced first by Robert Tanenbaum (who would have done an exceptional job as director) and then by 41-year-old Cornell University criminal-law professor G. Robert Blakey (who didn't).

When Bob Tanenbaum was the director of the HSCA, I felt real promise for the outcome of the investigation. On one very memorable morning he called me into his office and told me, "Robert, you were right. The conspiracy *and* coverup go to the highest levels of government. We're going to blow this out of the water!" Not surprisingly, a few weeks later he was gone, replaced thereafter by Blakey.

THE BLAKEY ERA: When G. Robert Blakey started with the HSCA, the entire direction and purpose of the committee changed. Blakey believed that the Warren Commission's conclusions had been correct. It is my assertion that for 18 months he systematically threw away a massive amount of evidence that seemed to prove conspiracy in both the assassination itself and in the official coverup that followed.

Whenever Blakey was presented with evidence that the CIA was controlling the HSCA by illegally withholding evidence about Lee Oswald from the committee, he smugly retorted, "I've worked with these people [the CIA] for 20 years. You don't think they'd lie to me, do you?"

In 1963 a CIA operations officer named George E. Joannides was a main player in the CIA's control of Lee Harvey Oswald while Oswald was in New Orleans. The CIA's records show that Joannides had several dealings with Oswald three months before the President was murdered.

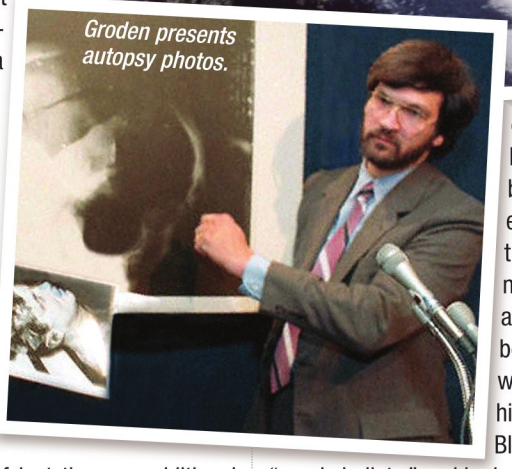
The irony is that 14 years later, during the HSCA investigation, it was this same George Joannides who was hand-picked by the CIA to be the official liaison between the Agency and the HSCA. As it turned out, nobody bothered to tell Blakey about the Oswald-Joannides connection and that Joannides just might (did) have a conflict of interest in the matter. Joannides was certainly aware that Oswald had surreptitiously worked for both the CIA and the FBI, just as the Warren Commission had known, as early as January 1964! It was this information that was being withheld from Blakey.

Joannides is now dead, and the CIA files on him are still being illegally withheld by the Agency. The law is specific. The JFK Assassination Records Act, approved unanimously by Congress in 1992, mandates that all assassination-related records be disclosed and released immediately. As of this writing, nearly all of the Joannides documents and thousands of Oswald documents are still being withheld by the CIA and other intelligence agencies as well.

Just a few years ago the Assassination Records Review Board released a few pages of newly declassified information about Joannides and his clandestine involvement with Oswald in the Kennedy case. When Blakey found out about the deception by the CIA and Joannides a quarter-century after the fact, he hit the ceiling. They had pulled the wool over his all-too-smart eyes and had gotten away with it. We had been right all along, and Blakey had been wrong. I knew it then. Blakey knows it now and owes it to his country to go to the press about it. I'm not holding my breath.

In 1978 the HSCA finally developed evidence that even Blakey couldn't ignore. Although the Warren Report stated that only a total of three gunshots had been fired in Dealey Plaza, there was an audio recording of the gunshots during the assassination. The recording was made from a Dallas motorcycle policeman's radio transmission a mere eight car-lengths behind the Presidential limousine.

Killing ground: Dallas's Dealey Plaza. Right: Dictabelt cylinder proving more than one gunman fired on JFK.


Groden presents autopsy photos.

Contrary to the Warren Commission's findings, the recording revealed between seven and 15 shot impulses buried beneath the sound of the motorcycle engine and therein proved a conspiracy beyond any question. Even Blakey had to address the evidence.

Those of us on the inside at the HSCA referred to the acoustics evidence as "Blakey's problem"—one that he could not live with, given that it appeared his mission was to make sure that the basic conclusions of the Warren Commission stayed intact. It was time for damage control. However, each step by Blakey in attempting to disprove the additional shots simply resulted in additional proof of more than one shooter. This was the death knell for the Warren Report.

THE ACOUSTIC EVIDENCE: We had first discovered these additional shots on a Dictabelt recording of the murder made from the transmission of a motorcycle officer who had keyed his microphone about two minutes prior to the beginning of the actual shooting. The recording proved that at least three assassins fired multiple shots from both the front and the rear of the President. The problem was that the evidence went far beyond what Professor Blakey and the House committee had been willing to admit. When aligned with the acoustic evidence, the Zapruder film also proved that no matter who was in the sixth-floor window of the now-infamous Texas School Book Depository, he did not kill President Kennedy!

Blakey didn't allow test shots from all of my suggested *potential* assassin sites to see if the acoustic fingerprints of the shots matched those on the recording. And after the scientific testing that he allowed had been completed, there were still a few questions and issues to be resolved. Both the House committee and Professor Blakey wanted to be as conservative as possible, which meant keeping the HSCA report as close as possible to the Warren Commission's original 1964 report. Thus, Blakey's job was to rule out as many shots as possible from the recording as not being conclusively "shots."

In all, the Dallas police tape contained 15 sets of *potential* shot impulses. After the acoustic scientists raised the testing criteria and thresholds to eliminate what may have been several "false positives," we were left with only seven shots, but that was four more than the Warren Report's conclusion. At the point when the HSCA's scientists had found and proven a fourth shot from another firing point (the stockade fence on the grassy knoll), they had proven and confirmed the conspiracy. Not wanting it to get any worse, Blakey arranged to stop it there. The committee was simply not allowed to further address the three additional shots.

In theory, Blakey's idea was to merely stop after being forced to admit there was a fourth shot from a second shooter, thus proving a *limited* conspiracy. Dumping the testing of the three additional shots (and shooters) in the lap of the Justice Department for follow-up would allow the damage control to limit the fallout.

ADDING SOUND TO SILENCE: Once we had the proof of just the one additional shot and at least one additional shooter, the next step was to see if the audio evidence matched the visual evidence—in other words, the Zapruder film.

I was asked by the HSCA in 1978 to synchronize the Zapruder film with the acoustic tape. We made a special time-corrected audio tape of the Dealey Plaza test shots in exact time sequence as the police Dictabelt recording, but without the overbearing sound of the motorcycle engine. Because of the testing that had been allowed, we were able to determine which shots came from the front and which came from the rear.

I created two separate sound versions of the Zapruder film: one using the HSCA's confirmed third shot as the fatal head shot and one with the HSCA's admitted fourth shot as the fatal head shot. Why? Because Professor Blakey, alone, insisted that it was the fourth shot (from the rear) that killed the President. *Everyone* else clearly saw that it was the *third* shot (out of the four confirmed shots, fired from the front) which was the fatal shot.

I synchronized the audiotape with the film both ways. All of the video and audio experts believed that Blakey was wrong, but he was the boss, and he controlled it. This meant that it was the grassy-knoll shooter who had actually fired the *fatal* head shot and that the fourth shot, from behind, had either missed or, more likely, was an additional head shot fired 0.7 seconds (slightly more than a half-second) after the fatal shot.

Blakey led me to believe that if I voiced my opinion about the head shot, I would be fired and might even face prosecution for violating the nondisclosure agreement that I had been forced to sign when I had been hired by the HSCA. Blakey had me by the "magic bullets," and he knew it. If I wanted to keep my job, I had to keep my mouth shut.

When I projected both versions of the sound-included Zapruder film for the HSCA's actual Congressional members, every single one of them present mentioned that they were of the belief that it was the frontal shot that struck President Kennedy's head, killing him. Blakey tried to talk them out of this.

It was clear to all of us that the fatal shot was the third of the four admitted shots and that it had come from the front. Our problem was that Professor Blakey, and *only* Professor Blakey, insisted that it was the fourth shot, from the rear, that was the fatal head shot.

Blakey was indeed wrong, but it was his show! He was relying exclusively on a forged autopsy photograph that *appeared* to show the rear of the President's head to be intact. In my view, he did not give adequate attention to the statements and testimony of every one of the Parkland Hospital doctors, as well as other medical personnel (including all of the autopsy photographers and X-ray technicians), all of whom categorically stated that the autopsy photograph in question was a forgery and inaccurate and that the back of the President's head had actually been missing in the original photographs.

The acoustic testing gave a specific result and could have provided more. Because of the testing thresholds, eight of the original 15 shot-pattern sets were disallowed as possible shots. What we were left with was that there were four confirmed shots and three unconfirmed shots, for a total of seven potential shots.

Of the *confirmed* shots, the first, second and fourth shots originated from behind, with the first two shots fired a mere 1.6 seconds apart, which is far too close together to have come from the same rifle. (If it was the alleged Oswald-fired Mannlicher-Carcano rifle). This means *at least two* assassins fired from behind. The third shot came from the front, which proves that *at least three* shooters were involved in the assassination. There were almost certainly more.

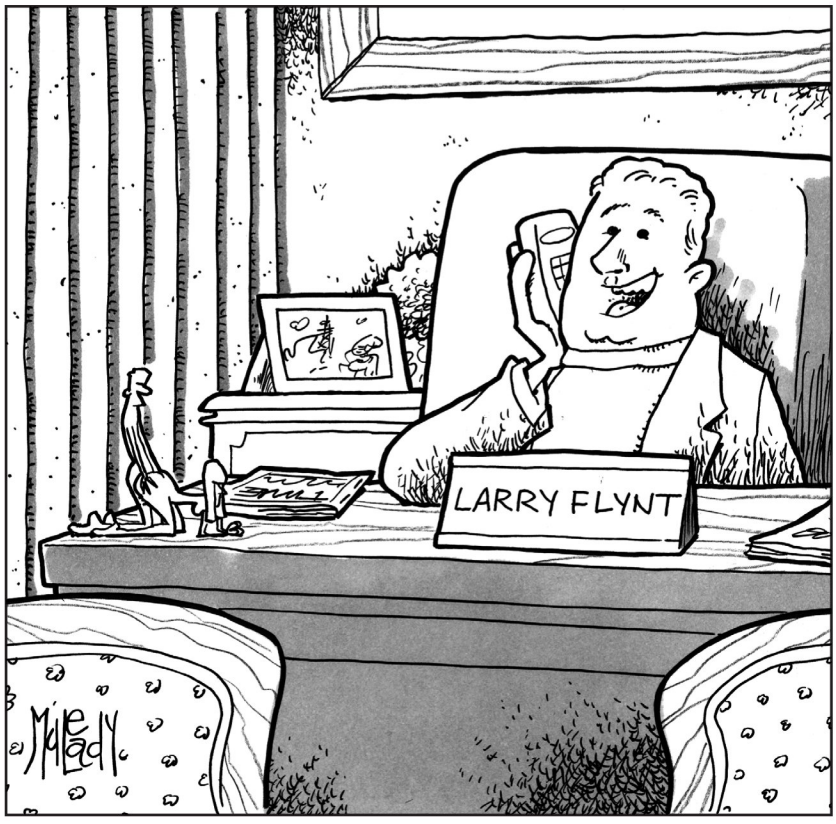
Back in 1978, Professor Blakey would not allow any peer review of the acoustics evidence. But in 2001, Texas scientist Donald Thomas—an expert on acoustics testing—*did* perform the first independent peer review of the HSCA's work. Dr. Thomas not only confirmed the committee's finding that there had been more than one gunman, but also that there was an additional shot (one of the previously disallowed impulse sets).

When I was informed that the acoustic scientists were going to return to Dealey Plaza to record the sounds of test shots for comparison with the echo patterns on the Dallas police tape, I wrote a memo to Professor Blakey strongly suggesting the firing of test shots from nearly two dozen suspected firing points so that *all* legitimate hypothetical firing points could be either confirmed or eliminated from the matrix. Professor Blakey either ignored or rejected my suggestion. My original memo still exists for posterity in the HSCA files in the National Archives. (The memo was published in Volume VI of the 27 HSCA volumes of evidence and testimony, on page 306.)

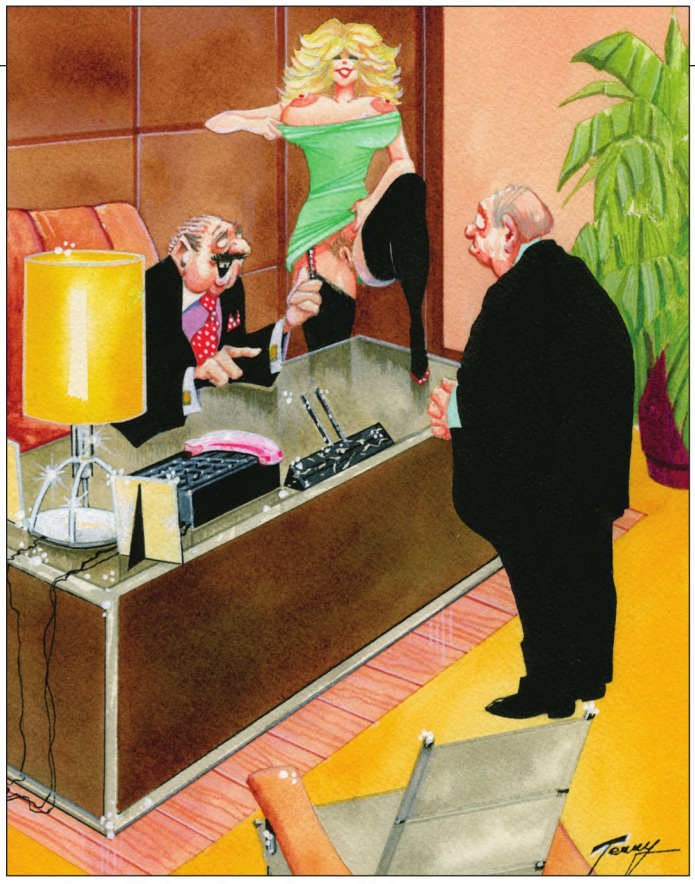
Thus, the testing of the shots was limited to only comparison shots originating from the so-called sniper's nest on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository and from the corner of the stockade fence on top of the grassy knoll. None of the other potential firing points were *ever* tested, even though additional testing would have required very little additional effort or expense. Since the testing relied entirely upon matching echo patterns of acoustic fingerprints on the original police recording with test shots, the three additional shots on the tape that had originated from *other* firing points (resulting in different echo patterns) were arbitrarily discarded! The HSCA stopped at only four of the seven shots, not because the others couldn't be matched, *but so that they wouldn't be.*

EPILOGUE: There were many such frustrating incidents over the course of the three-year life of the HSCA, including the dismissals of many of the best investigators and researchers on the HSCA staff. A great deal that might have been accomplished by the HSCA has been lost forever. Nevertheless, even after all of the committee's foul-ups, the HSCA did, in the end, prove and admit the conspiracy.

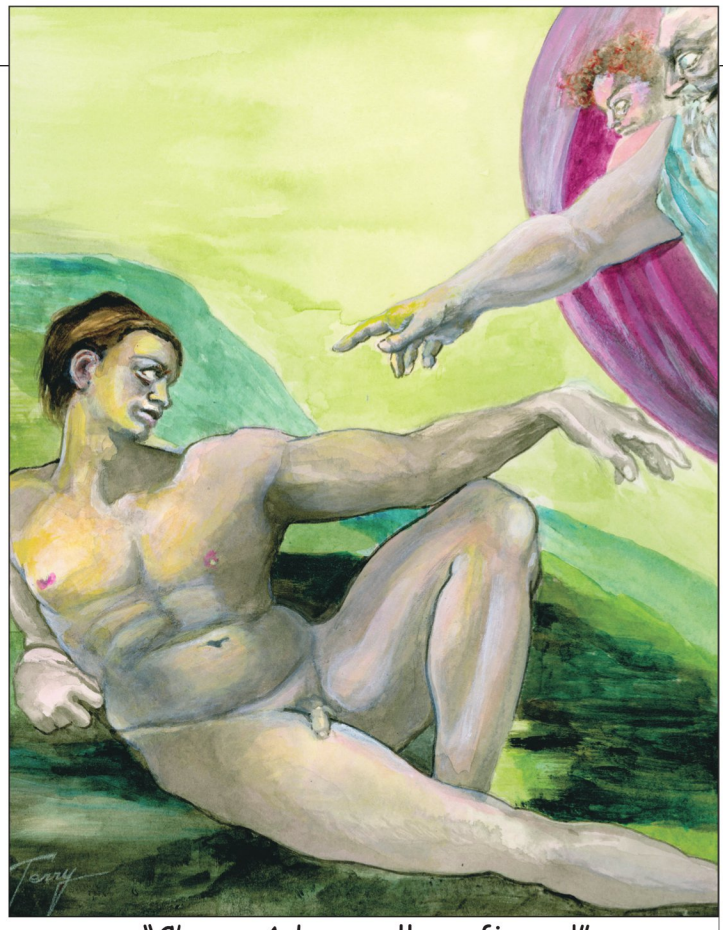
The HSCA report was in error in its confirmation of Oswald as an assassin, but it was absolutely correct in its conclusions that there was a conspiracy and that at least one shot came from the front, from the grassy knoll. The House Select Committee on Assassinations was quite an improvement on the Warren Commission, but it could have easily been much, much better.



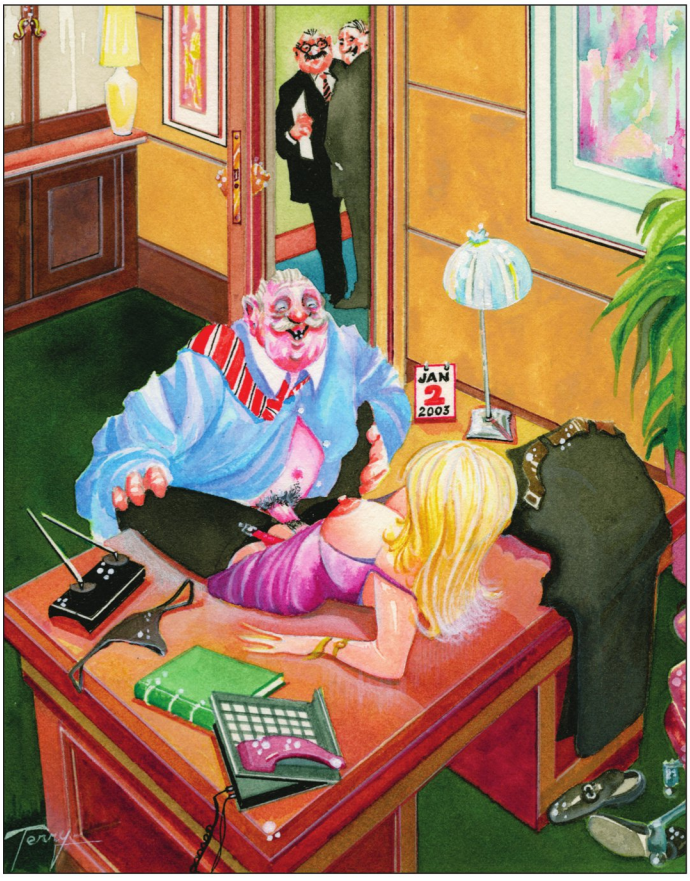
"Gosh, I'm honored that you called me for advice on fucking people in the ass, but even I could take some pointers from a master like yourself, Vice President Cheney."



"Well, Drake, there'll be no promotion, no raise, no company car—and here's something else you won't be getting!"



"C'mon, Adam, pull my finger!"



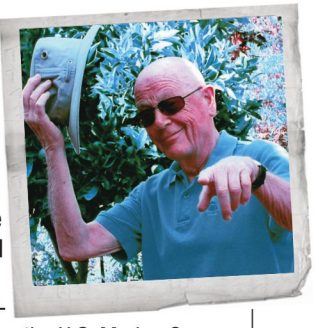
"The chief's a great believer in starting the new year with a bang."

BY TYLER DOWNEY

Seeing Red

The Cartoonery of Terry Redknapp

BACK IN THE 1960s, eager to submit a sampling of his first creations, Terry Redknapp visited the offices of a local London magazine. Unimpressed, an editor offered the fledgling 'toonist a little advice: "Give it up!" Luckily for HUSTLER's readers, Redknapp did no such thing. Instead, he went back to the drawing board, called on the same editor a year later and sold him several cartoons. "He didn't remember me," Terry recalls. "And when I reminded him, he laughed and said, 'I'll shut up from now on!'"



A career newspaperman, Redknapp built a daunting résumé while working around the world, from his native England to Australia and, ultimately, the West Coast of the United States. From 1975 to 1990 he ran the graphic-design department of the *Los Angeles Times*. Terry is proud of the fact that he not only helped take the prestigious publication "into color," but also won several awards for its coverage of the 1984 Olympics.

Redknapp witnessed the Vietnam War firsthand during his "strangest" gig, serving as a combat cartoonist for the U.S. Marine Corps. "When I first received the letter from the Defense Department in 1969," Terry tells us, "I thought I had been drafted." He wasn't. Instead, the volunteer was ordered to complete one week of pre-combat training before being authorized to join leathernecks in Nam and commence drawing.

Redknapp hadn't heeded an editor's disparaging advice in the distant past, but after first sending material our way a few years back, he took to heart the words of HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David.

"I was getting frustrated that Larry Flynt wasn't picking my stuff," the now-grateful cartoonist relates. "So I wrote a letter saying thank you for the consideration, but I guess I'm not what you are looking for. Bruce called me up and told me that he liked what I was doing and not to quit, so I didn't."

Lo and behold, Terry's unique artistic style (rendering his cartoons with thinned-down acrylics) was soon gracing the pages of HUSTLER. Look for more of Terry's offerings in HUSTLER HUMOR Magazine.

Colin Powell hopes to once again serve in uniform.

"And now, folks, the eagerly awaited entries from Larry Flynt and the guys at HUSTLER Magazine."

Clarence Thomas just a hair away from becoming chief justice.

CAN YOU ESCAPE FI

Documentary filmmaker **DANNY SCHECHTER** details how Americans surviving on credit have been victimized by unscrupulous lenders.

ROM DEBT PRISON?

THREE OUT OF FIVE AMERICANS are in debt.

Ever since I finished my documentary on the subject, *In Debt We Trust*, I keep encountering what are called "topper stories." This is when someone listens to you, or sees the film, and responds with the phrase "If you think that's bad, let me tell you about my brother, my son, my grandfather, etc." Everyone in America has a debt story because we are all living, one way or another, on credit.

But the biggest topper story has come not from the masses, or the media, but from that holiest of American institutions, one that supposedly can do no wrong: the *market*. That's right. The wise men of American finance, are—as I write—in a state of high panic because the housing bubble burst. Their "subprime" loans—offered to borrowers who didn't qualify for the best, or "prime," interest rates—fueled our economy and funded a crazed wave of acquisitions, mergers and buyouts. Now these loans have been shown not to be worth the paper they're printed on. As a result, millions of American families face losing their homes—the greatest wave of foreclosures since the Great Depression.

British journalist William Bowles explains: "Ostensibly, the problem was caused by what are termed loans in the 'sub-prime market.'" To you and me these are bad loans made to people, primarily for mortgages, which the rise in interest rates have made too expensive for the unfortunate house "owners" to pay back. These loans were made by commercial banks that are now saddled with losses totaling billions of dollars.

"So what's going on here?" Bowles asks. "We're told that left to itself, the 'market evens things out,' supply and demand, and all that garbage. So why are governments intervening? Aside from anything else, if governments *don't* intervene, the entire order would collapse."

In part this was the bubble that *In Debt We Trust* warns about. But when you are in a company raking in the dough from what proved to be fraudulent, even criminal practices, who has time for warnings or realistic assessments? One banker at Goldman Sachs, the go-go Wall Street firm, acknowledged that the banks should have known. Right.

Economist Max Wolff of the New School writes: "That is the heady road we traveled. It felt great to insiders speeding down the yield superhighway. That was until the sub-prime tire blew out. Forced to stop and unable to reinflate the tire with the usual hot air, folks began to look under the hood. That is where we are now. Peek under the hood and you see a lot of shiny, borrowed chrome, a debt-fueled engine and a lot of rot!"

This problem of "debt and rot" is huge, and its consequences are uncertain. Many of us are in so deep that it is hard to imagine ever getting out.

Loans 'R' Us: Americans live on borrowed money. Our country owes nearly $10 *trillion*. Another $7 trillion is tied up in mortgages. And then there are credit cards. When we're not being bombarded with solicitations at home, we are charging up a storm of debt at rates of interest once considered usurious. Along with that come the inescapable late fees that run into billions. And our national savings rate is below zero. The last time that happened was during the Depression.

In a September 2006 report the Government Accountability Office warned that the situation is getting worse, much worse. No one listened to them either.

Check this out: "Over the past 25 years, the prevalence and use of credit cards in the United States has grown dramatically," the GAO noted. "Between 1980 and 2005 the amount that U.S. consumers charged to their cards grew from an estimated $69 billion per year to more than $1.8 trillion, according to one firm that analyzes the card industry."

The increased use of credit cards has contributed to an expansion in household debt, which grew from $59 billion in 1980 to roughly $830 billion by the end of 2005.

Okay, I hear you saying, "Stop already with the numbers. I can barely understand my own financial plight, so how can I wrap my brain around so many zeroes?"

If you resonate with that sentiment, you are not alone. With its small print and convoluted legalistic language, reading a credit card agreement is virtually impossible. More importantly, the credit card companies can unilaterally change the terms of the deal EVEN

DANNY SCHECHTER

AFTER YOU SIGN IT. Sometimes, when you are late on one account, all of your other cards' interest rates go up through a nifty little arrangement called "universal default." That's because we are all wired together. The supercomputers at the credit-score bureaus have more information on us than the CIA.

Our government knows this too. That GAO report also explained: "As credit card use and debt have grown, representatives of consumer groups and issuers [the entity, such as a bank, that issues the card] have questioned the extent to which consumers understand their credit card terms and conditions, including issuers' practices that—even if permitted under applicable terms and conditions—could increase consumers' costs of using credit cards. These practices include the application of fees or relatively high penalty interest rates if cardholders pay late or exceed credit limits."

These rules guarantee that the credit card business is superprofitable. The companies get away with this by using high-powered lobbyists to deregulate the industry and through political donations that ensure the election of politicians who will do their bidding. Taken together, these practices—and there are many more even shadier ones—are set up to transfer money from your pocket to their vaults.

In other words, the biggest bank robbery in America is now being carried out by the banks themselves and the financial sector with the complicity of Congress, politicians and a compliant media that likes to cover stories on identity fraud *(continued on page 108)*

COUNTRY FR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

ESH

TORI BLACK

At the tender age of 18, tight and tempting **Tori Black** is already making her mark. “I always wanted to do porn,” the perky newcomer admits. “Ever since I started having sex, I thought I could make a living at it. All the guys who’ve had me say I’m a natural. The only problem was I’m kinda shy outside the bedroom, and I had my doubts that it would ever happen.”

But it has! “I flew to Los Angeles and looked up my cousin,” **Tori** recalls. “She suggested that I look for work as an extra. I did that for a while, but it only paid about 50 bucks a day. I knew my time was worth more than that, and living in L.A. is expensive. Luckily, I met this grip on a mainstream film set, and he told me how much cash I could make in porn and that he would set it up. I jumped at the chance, and now I’ve done a half-dozen films so far.”

To say the least, **Tori** has gone from shy outside the bedroom to totally cocksure! "I think I can be the biggest thing that the adult world has ever seen," the statuesque looker proclaims. "No disrespect to Jenna. She's an icon, but she's going to retire soon. I'm young, eager and hungry. I think with the right people behind me, I can really make it big. I'm ready to do whatever sucking and fucking it takes to become the most famous porn star ever!"

TORI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Bainbridge Island, Washington
AGE: 18
BIRTH SIGN: Virgo
HEIGHT: 5-9

Vinnie was working his part-time job at the county morgue when the body of a hot chick was brought in. The coroner told Vinnie to remove her clothes and get everything ready for an autopsy. Ten minutes later, Vinnie wheeled the dead babe into the cutting room and announced, "She's ready for you, Doc. And by the way, I thought you should know there's a shrimp stuck in her pussy."

"What do you mean, a shrimp in her pussy?!" the coroner growled.

Vinnie pointed between the sexy stiff's legs and said, "See, Doc? Right there's a shrimp in her pussy."

The coroner took a closer look, then turned to Vinnie and snapped, "That's no shrimp, you idiot! That's her clitoris."

"Yeah?!" Vinnie exclaimed in amazement. "Well, it sure did taste like shrimp!"

During spring break a frat rat climbed into the back of a taxi and asked the driver, "Do you have enough room up there for a pizza and a six-pack of beer?"

"Sure," the cabbie muttered as his fare leaned forward and threw up.

Question: How many animals can you get into a pair of pantyhose?

Answer: Ten little piggies, two calves, one ass, millions of hares and a fat beaver!

A sexy housewife stepped out of the shower. Just as her husband started taking one himself, the doorbell rang. The babe quickly grabbed a robe and ran downstairs. Waiting on the porch was Zack, her man's best friend. "Bobbi, I'll give you 800 bucks to take off that there robe," he said matter-of-factly.

After mulling it a bit, Bobbi shucked the robe and stood gloriously naked for the leering guy. A minute or so later, Zack handed over $800 and took off. Bobbi wiggled back into her robe and headed upstairs.

"Who was that?" her husband asked.

"Your pal Zack," Bobbi chirped.

"Great!" hubby exclaimed. "Did he say anything about that $800 he owes me?"

Question: Why did God give women foreheads?

Answer: So you'll have something to kiss after they suck your dick.

A man whose penis had turned orange went to the emergency room. "That's amazing," the doctor remarked. "Do you work with any dyes or chemicals?"

"No," the patient replied. "I don't work. I've been unemployed for months."

"So what *do* you do?" the doc asked.

"Well, mostly I sit on the sofa," the guy with the orange pecker responded, "watching porn and eating Cheetos."

Question: Why do Kentucky cheerleaders wear bibs?

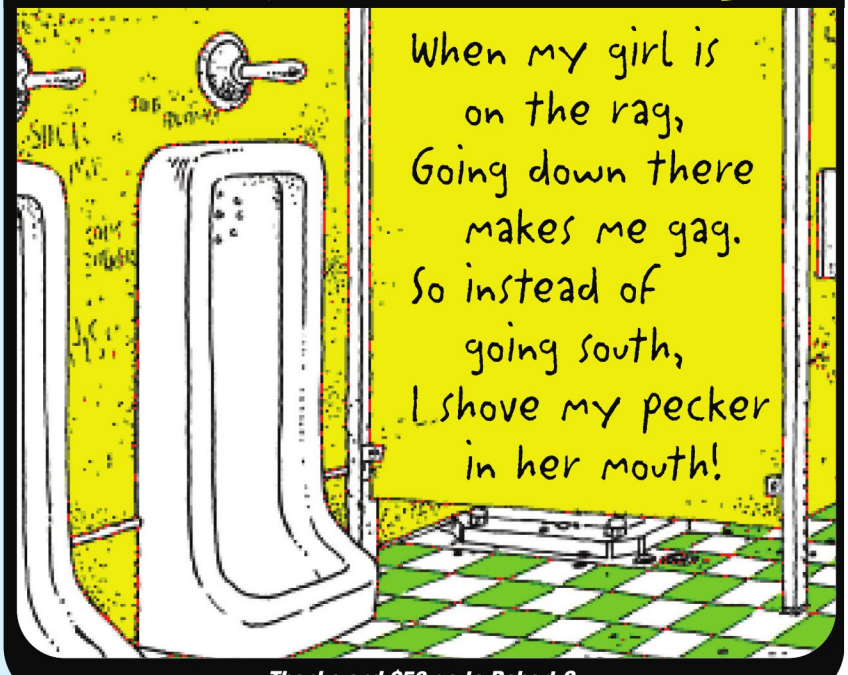
Answer: To keep the tobacco juice off their uniforms.

While attending her husband's 25th high school reunion, Mrs. Lake noticed Mr. Lake staring at a fortyish blonde swigging champagne at the next table. "Do you know that woman?" Mrs. Lake asked. "She's drunk as a skunk."

"Yes," Mr. Lake sighed. "She was my girlfriend all through high school. I understand Molly took to drinking right after we split up just before the senior prom. From what I hear, she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" marveled Mrs. Lake. "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Go ahead. You shoot first!"

Meat PUPPETS

SO WE MEAT AGAIN

FOR YEARS, MUSICAL ANTIHEROES MEAT PUPPETS—brothers Curt and Cris Kirkwood and drummer Derrick Bostrom—delivered critically acclaimed albums of psychedelic folk-punk rock. Fans included Nirvana. In the late 1990s, Cris ended up lost in a haze of death, drugs and prison time, while Bostrom quit, leaving Curt to go it alone. With a new lineup he went on to score the group's biggest hit, "Backwater."

Flash forward to 2007, and the brothers Kirkwood are back together (with Cris clean and sober) and on the road to promote their latest CD, *Rise to Your Knees*. On a tour stop in Los Angeles they dropped by our offices to sit with Music Editor Keith Valcourt (and a large stack of HUSTLER back issues) and catch up on things.

CRIS KIRKWOOD: I'm going to sit down here and look at some vagina.

CURT KIRKWOOD: I dreamed about these last night, I think.

HUSTLER: You dreamed about vaginas or our magazine?

CURT: Dildos *in* vaginas. I forgot about dildos! Holy cow! They look great up a vagina! (*Laughs.*)

How did you guys finally hook up again?

CURT: I decided I wanted to make an electric rock record last year, and Cris was in the mood to do it and get going again after ten years of chasing Reverend Falwell's coattails with a heroin problem and a prison stint. [*Editor's Note: Jerry Falwell died the day of this interview.*]

You were locked up at one point?

CRIS: I didn't do jail time at *one* point. I did jail time at several, maybe 14, points.

What was your rock-bottom moment?

CRIS: I had a lot of them. It was a rock-bottom moment for ten years. Some really awful shit happened. My wife passed away. I got shot, you know, gunned down by a fucking pig in the back. Ultimately, the jail time ended up doing me good, you know? I had enough time to process my own issues and addictions.

Curt, how hard was it for you to keep the band going once your brother left?

CURT: It was a totally different thing. It was a different band altogether. Not only was Cris out, but so was our original drummer, Derrick. The three of us were together for around 16 years, and I hadn't played in any other bands. It was difficult, but in some ways it was kind of cool because I got to have those experiences.

Was it odd for you to have a hit with "Backwater"?

CURT: It's all kind of the same. Having a hit means having more sunshine blown up your rump. (*Laughs.*) That and some better money. People have always been nice to us and liked us. Some people. It's an unconditional thing with musicians. People don't take you home or nothing, but they always like you. With a hit it was more people doing that. After the hit we didn't really last much longer really.

Kurt Cobain and the rest of Nirvana were huge Meat Puppets fans and always cited you guys as influences. Were you ever envious of their success?

CURT: No, because money is not worth being jealous over. It's not worth wanting really that much. It will come if you are supposed to have it. It's completely shallow and hollow and all the things they say about it. Ultimately, the thing about jealousy that always saves me is

that I wouldn't want to be anybody else. No matter what they are getting, I realize I would have to be in their miserable body, which I wouldn't want to do. I'm used to myself, miserable enough, but to put yourself in somebody else's shoes, that, to me, no matter what perks they are getting, is totally alien.

Tell us about the Nirvana Unplugged gig.

CURT: They were really fun guys to play with. They weren't too professional. We practiced for like a week, and they didn't get all that uptight about it. Kurt was on drugs, so he was pretty casual, really. It was terrific because he didn't say too much. He would come back and practice, and then there was all this hype going on around at the show. The band Nirvana and us and some other guys were really kind of getting what a joke it was. There was an irony to having a band like the Meat Puppets and Nirvana being given that much attention that [it] was ridiculous.

A lot of artists are really serious about their business, but I don't really think that the guys in Nirvana gave a crap about the money and success. The thing that they did care about was when it came down to playing the songs. They played those songs straight through and didn't do any of them over. That's the set right there, what you saw, unplugged.

It's like when you're playing a party as a teenager and wonder if you're going to be able to do it because you're so stoned. Everybody is like nervous, and it all goes over just fine. You play your party. It was like that. *Oh, the morons pulled it off!*

Do you have any great groupie stories to share?

Yeah, sure. I was raped by Alec Baldwin.

[*Editor's Note: Curt is referring to a Bits & Pieces item about Deseree Bradford, who claimed to have had a sexual liaison with actor Alec Baldwin during which she purportedly fucked him in the ass with a purple dildo.*]

Did he fuck you in the ass?

CURT: With a big purple dildo that he said was owned by some psychopath. He said it was a hand-me-down dildo that had been in the family for a long time. He said it was his granddad's dildo, and it meant a lot to him.

So it was probably carved out of wood, having been handed down from generation to generation.

CURT: It was a heavy oak dildo.

Any great groupie stories involving girls?

CURT: Yeah. I've been in a band since I was in my mid-teens, and all it is really about for a lot of the girls is stalking dudes. They'll do anything. They are completely evil, you know? There is nothing innocent about them, and they will do anything to get their way. Make something up, and it's true.

You wanna hear some crazy shit? It all happens. You can step off the stage and get your dick sucked right there behind the curtain. The thing that is weird is that mostly the roadies fuck groupies because the guys in the band are getting bombarded left and right. I can't go screw around because everybody is watching me. The roadies—

CRIS: Details. We're driving down the fucking freeway in the South one time. I go to the back of our fucking RV, and there's our roadie who, for conjecture's sake, we'll call "Jeff."

CURT: He could spray in like five seconds too, and he had a big old dick.

CRIS: Big old fucking wiener, and he is lying back there on the bunk, whacking it. Hard! He's kind of contorted, looking out the window and drooling. I'm like "What the fuck, dude?!" Which wasn't that uncommon of a sight, though, because the guy was very wienie-oriented.

CURT: Jeff would see chicks pull up next to us, and he would spray onto the window.

CRIS: I look at him, and he's got a little sign that says "Tits?" I go, "What the fuck?!" He's holding it out the window. I look, we're going 75 miles an hour on the freeway, and there's this car next to us, and these girls are flashing their tits. Jeff's like *whack! whack!* Then he takes the sign and scribbles out "Tits" and writes "Bush?" and then finally "Pull over?" So we pull off into *(continued on page 100)*

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

THE HORRORPOPS
Kiss Kiss Kill Kill

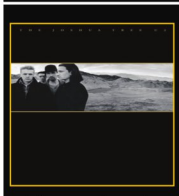
An infectiously catchy dose of gothic new wave-tinged rockabilly awaits you on the Horrorpops' latest CD. Those unfamiliar with Patricia Day's band need to check out this supercool chick who sings like Souixsie while rocking a stand-up bass.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Magic

"The Boss" reunites with the E Street Band for the first album since *The Rising*. *Magic* is testament that the Jersey crew remains relevant, with tracks ranging from joyful to serious to politically conscious. This CD is a perfect companion piece to classic *Born in the U.S.A.* —*Eric Althoff*

PUSCIFER
V Is for Vagina

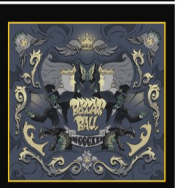
It's an album. It's an art movement. It's a clothing line? It's fucking odd. Maynard James Keenan from Tool and A Perfect Circle drops yet another side project that pushes creativity to the brink of madness.



U2
The Joshua Tree (Remastered/Expanded)

This deluxe edition gives U2's desert masterpiece the full treatment with a bonus disc and a DVD packed with videos, a live show from Paris and an in-depth documentary exploring the making of the breakthrough album.

BEGGARS BALL
1321



Have we found the Sunset Strip's next great rock 'n' roll band, the heir apparent to Guns N' Roses? Maybe. This self-released disc showcases both the electric and acoustic sides of Beggars Ball's talent. Sort of like Axl and the boys back in the day.

SPICE GIRLS
Greatest Hits

Now you will have an excuse to lurk around the sexiest store in your local mall without worrying about security guards busting you. Victoria's Secret is the exclusive outlet for this CD, which compiles the power group's hits with a new track. Ah, who the hell cares? Look at all those chicks trying on panties! *(continued on page 100)*

MEAT PUPPETS INTERVIEW

(continued from page 99)

the fucking swamp, and these two girls get into the RV.

CURT: We're in the sticks in South Carolina.

CRIS: Then some more hanky-pankery ensued.

CURT: Onto the bus climb these two toothless chicks. No teeth with nasty, dirty cutoffs, so of course our roadie drops his trousers and dives right in.

CRIS: Two memorable quotes came out of it. One girl is jacking two roadies off and says (*in a hillbilly twang*), "If my boyfriend knew I was doing this, he'd beat me like he owned me." Then when the girls sort of tired of the place, she said, "Come on, boys, let's put the dicks up."

Once and for all, guys, what is a "meat puppet"?

CRIS: Your dick. Not yours, specifically. The dick.

CURT: It was supposed to be people. It was a song that we thought would make a good name for a band because it was like Led Zeppelin or Sex Pistols. My new favorite fake band name is Fishnet Diaper.

CRIS: We all are Meat Puppets.

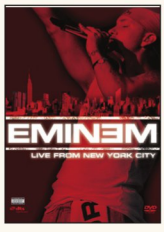
I See Sound?! A look at the latest music DVDS

QUEEN ROCK MONTREAL & LIVE AID

Sure, Freddie Mercury was a card-carrying sissy, but Queen rocked. Besides catching the band at its peak in 1981, this two-DVD set includes a show-stealing performance at 1985's Live Aid concert. Most fans never got to see the awesome power of Queen onstage until now!

AC/DC:
Plug Me In

This set is a treasure trove of over seven hours of unseen live material, videos and European TV appearances from Satan's favorite band. It traces the history of the rockers from the early days with Bon Scott to recent times with Brian Johnson. For those about to rock…FIRE!

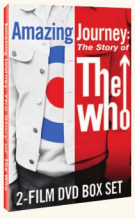


EMINEM:
Live From New York City, 2005

To wrap up his 2005 "Farewell Tour" the great white rapper rocked the crowd at a sold-out Madison Square Garden. That night, captured here, showcases Slim Shady ripping through 90 minutes of his hits, with guest shots from D12.

KISS LOVES YOU:
A Film by Jim Heneghan

Not since the Beatles has a rock group had such a fanatical following. You wanted the best? This detailed documentary takes a look at the fans, various cover bands and the conventions that are all part of the KISS mythology. (We would have said KISSology, but don't want to have to pay Gene Simmons.) This film makes you wonder if KISS really does love you or just your money.

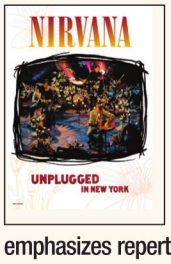


AMAZING JOURNEY:
The Story of the Who

Possibly the most comprehensive look at a band ever, this brilliant two-disc set features archival footage and interviews with all the members themselves, plus managers and key players in the Who's universe. Unlike most profiles that focus on a part of a career, *Amazing Journey* takes you from day one right up to today. If you need a heavy dose of "Maximum R&B," check it out.

LIVE EARTH:
The Concerts for a Climate in Crisis

Can music save the world? Maybe not, but it can at least raise awareness on how to help the planet. This DVD collection captures live performances from the July 2007 concerts and features dozens of heavy-hitters, notably Genesis, the Police, Smashing Pumpkins, Foo Fighters, Linkin Park, Roger Waters and Metallica.



NIRVANA:
Unplugged in New York

At last you can throw away your VCR because the classic MTV show is finally on DVD! Stripped down, Nirvana is songs over sneer, and the set list emphasizes repertoire over hits. This generational touchstone gets new depth through uncut vérité that's immersive and enthralling.

—Josh Steichmann

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

SOULJA BOY
souljaboytellem.com

Soulja Boy the song. Soulja Boy the dance. Soulja Boy the biggest thing to happen to crossover hip-hop since Hammer dropped the MC. This rapper is a one-man industry with his megahit "Crank That (Soulja Boy)" and may be around slightly longer than the "Mambo No. 5" dude.

THE LIBERTINES
The Best Of: A Time for Heroes

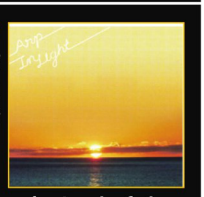
Long before Pete Doherty traded in any talent he had for addiction, he was in this beautifully sloppy rock outfit. The best of their work (some produced by the Clash's Mick Jones) shows a promising, energetic band that flamed out much too soon.

SCUM OF THE EARTH
Sleaze Freak

Your stripper girlfriend is going to dig this one. Former Rob Zombie guitarist Riggs offers up a Zombie-esque slice of sleaze that's full of sex, horror and sci-fi violence—and totally suitable for a night of grinding. Highlights include "Love Pig" and "Scum-O-Rama."

THE THRILLS
Teenager

Like the Beatles, Beach Boys and Cheap Trick, the Thrills sure know how to write a perfect pop song full of jangley guitar and catchy melodies. What else can we say except pop pop pop pop pop pop music?! Did we mention it's pop? Good.



ARP
In Light

With possibly the most apt album cover of 2007, *In Light* is warm, tropical, Balearic, analogue synth tones. Imagine Kraftwerk as stoned Angelenos instead of dour Germans.

—Josh Steichmann

THE GOO GOO DOLLS
Greatest Hits Volume One: The Singles

Buffalo, New York's favorite sons collect all their singles for an obligatory best of. While some view the band as a light rock knockoff of the Replacements, you can't deny the hooks and the hits. Highlights include "Iris," "Slide" and "Name."

PRESS
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MEET THE PRESS
MEET THE PRESS
MEET THE

Movie Mammaries

SEXY '70S SUPERSTAR
FARRAH FAWCETT

ALTHOUGH NOWADAYS SHE is a sun-wrinkled, haggard disaster, **Farrah Fawcett** was the hottest gal around in the mid 1970s. Men of a certain age will all remember hanging the babe's swimsuit poster on their bedroom walls once she sprang to fame as Jill Munroe, the hot-tie with the feathered hair on the hit TV series *Charlie's Angels*. But Fawcett also has an impressive body of film work that features her once-impressive body.

Long before she was a major star (or a Majors star, having married **Lee "*Six Million Dollar Man*" Majors**), Fawcett had a bit part in the appalling "comedy" *Myra Breckinridge* (1970), baring her nice nipples to the world for the first time. As a bonus, the flick features a lesbian lip lock between the newbie from Texas and **Raquel Welch** in her prime.

After a string of forgettable movies came Fawcett's unforgettable stint on *Charlie's Angels*. Convinced she was being underpaid at ten grand an episode, Farrah abruptly quit after just one season to rekindle her film career. One of her first efforts was the sci-fi snoozer *Saturn 3* (1980), packed with cheesy special effects, a stiff **Kirk Douglas** baring his 60-year-old butt and a maniacal, robot-obsessed **Harvey Keitel**. The only high point was a glimpse of Fawcett's breasts during simulated sex with the doddering Douglas. However, focusing on the geezer's adorable bedmate will launch your rocket in no time.

Although the star-packed road comedy *The Cannonball Run* (1981)

THE CANNONBALL RUN

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE

Rent These NOW!

WONDER WOMAN

BOBBIE JO AND THE OUTLAW

BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS

SATURN 3

EXTREMITIES

DR. T AND THE WOMEN

features no nudity, it does showcase a nipple-popping performance by Fawcett. Watching that scene makes it almost worth sitting through the purportedly hilarious misadventures of **Burt Reynolds** and **Dom DeLuise**.

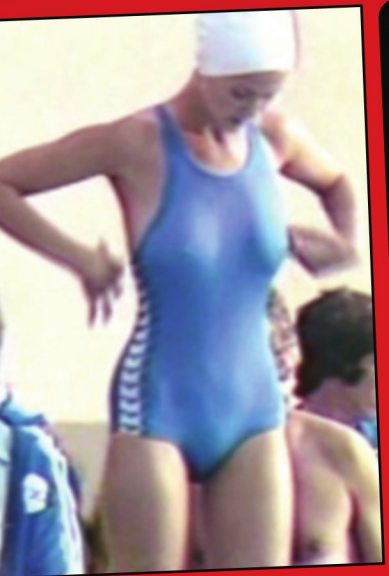
It wasn't until 1986, in *Extremities*, that the pinup queen achieved her goal of being viewed as a serious actress. Portraying a rape victim pushed to the brink, Farrah gets beaten and bruised. Of course, we certainly don't condone violence against women, but we openly support any ripped garments that reveal boobs!

Farrah Fawcett: All of Me (1997) provided what the adoring public had long been clamoring for: The lovely lady took it *all* off. Unfortunately, she was covered with paint. The bulk of this soft-core epic features Farrah using her nude body as a palette. It ain't art, but we like it.

Fawcett's final flash of cinematic nudity came in *Dr. T and the Women* (2000) opposite **Richard Gere**, a mostly unwatchable chick flick in which the striking fiftysomething plays a crazy woman. We know—typecasting. Fast-forward to the truly inspired moment when Ms. Fawcett's brazen character decides to strip down and jump into a public fountain. Look carefully and you can see her still-perky breasts and butt getting soaked. This is why God invented remote-control rewind. And pause.

Sadly, recent public appearances have found the onetime knockout primarily babbling like a lunatic on *The Late Show With David Letterman* and other chatfests. We doubt Farrah will ever offer up any more nudity onscreen, but we will always have the aforementioned films and that storied poster to keep her young and vibrant. Thanks for the memories, Angel.

LYNDA CARTER: Wonder Woman Indeed!



BACK IN THE LATE 1970s, watching voluptuous **Lynda Carter** gave new meaning to the term "boob tube." Cast as the whopper-packing star of *Wonder Woman*, she was the perfect embodiment of the Amazonian comic book superheroine. Such a pity that it was Carter's airplane that was transparent and not her body-hugging costume. Check out the series, now on DVD, to see the busty babe battle evil villains while jiggling her marvelous mounds. We guarantee she'll soon have you reaching for your own golden lasso.

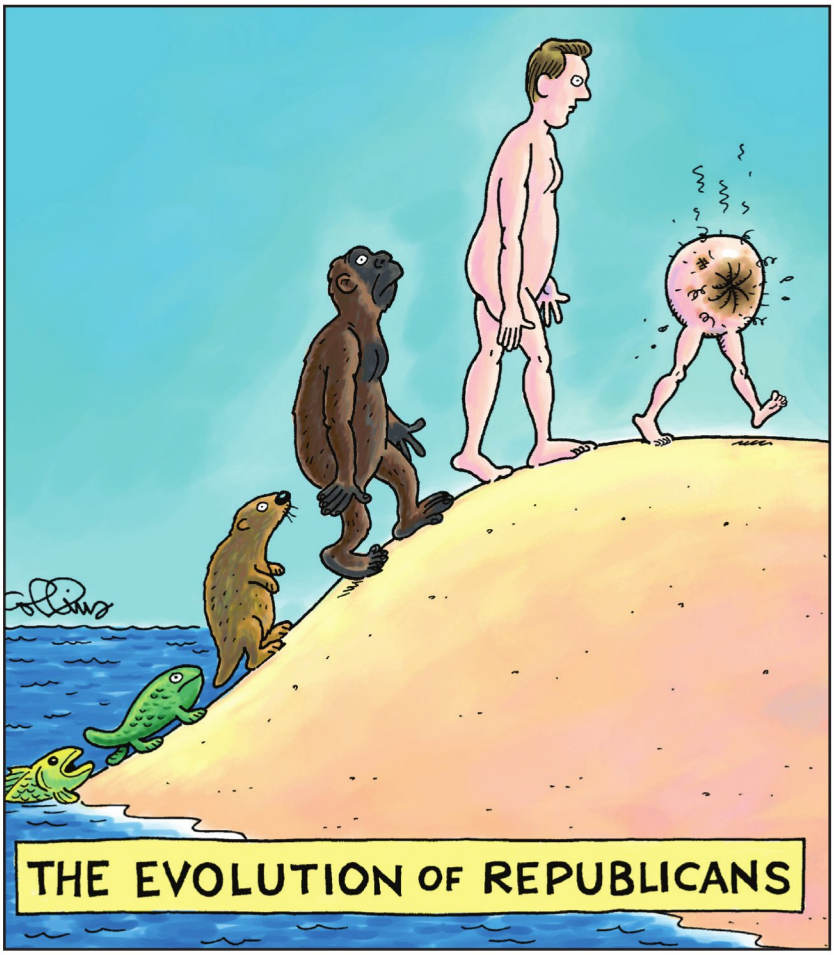
The low-budget highlight of Carter's acting career came in 1976, when the top-heavy temptress starred as a carhop in *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*. The leading lady's lovely lungs are on full display, not once but three times! You get to see Lynda in a steamy simulated sex scene, changing her shirt and using her buoyant boobies as flotation devices in a skinny-dip—six breasts in all, and they're all hers! Carter's only onscreen nakedness makes *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw* truly memorable.

Also worth mentioning is curvaceous Ms. Carter's appearance on *Battle of the Network Stars*, a string of schlocky ABC specials pitting TV luminaries against each other in oddball sports competitions. The gimmick allowed Carter to exchange her superhero costume for a skintight, one-piece swimsuit. Her pert nipples just begged to burst through, much to the delight of team captain and unabashed onlooker **Gabe "*Welcome Back Kotter*" Kaplan**.

Carter later got a chunk of unwanted fame when her husband, businessman/banker **Robert Altman,** was involved in the international BCCI financial scandal. (For all the dirty details, see our interview with Lucy Komisar, beginning on page 36.)

Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com.***

"...and I swear to God, I have only had a venereal disease six or seven times my whole damn life!"



LUCY KOMISAR

(continued from page 39) started, they wanted to move their documents. They were in London, so BCCI just moved its headquarters to Abu Dhabi.

There were parallel investigations, indictments and cases by the federal government, the Justice Department and, in 1989, by New York District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, the one who broke open the case. In New York they indicted Abedi, Clifford, Altman and Mahfouz.

The Feds went after the bank. They didn't go after some of the top Saudis, and the Bush Senior Justice Department certainly didn't go after Mahfouz. The federal grand jury in Tampa indicted the bank's top official and five other BCCI officials, but not Abedi or the bank itself.

BCCI was moving the money for the CIA, which wouldn't go after its own black operations banker. Later, some Justice Department lawyers said it was handled as a political case, and the DOJ was sitting on its hands to such an extent that Kerry investigator Jack Bloom took the information to Morgenthau.

Did anybody ever go to prison?

No. They all escaped to Saudi Arabia and Pakistan.

The 85-year-old Clifford used the "General Pinochet defense": He's old, tired, decrepit, etc. Altman's defense was he really didn't know anything. These two guys are lawyers; they're not dumb. They just got away with it. There were fines; Mahfouz paid a couple of million dollars.

A lot of people on the board got loans in the millions that they never paid back. Anywhere between $10 billion and $15 billion disappeared.

Although Mahfouz was fined millions, you write, "Even after the collapse of BCCI, Khalid bin Mahfouz was still flush with cash, and the former financier of George W. Bush became the financier of Osama Bin Laden."

It's clear, even from U.S. investigations, that Mahfouz, in 1992, a year after BCCI collapsed, set up a foundation called Muwafaq, giving it at least $30 million. The U.S. Treasury called it an al-Qaeda front receiving funding from wealthy businessmen. Money is spongeable; we don't know if any of the millions came from BCCI. But after paying large fines, Mahfouz was certainly not hurting for cash.

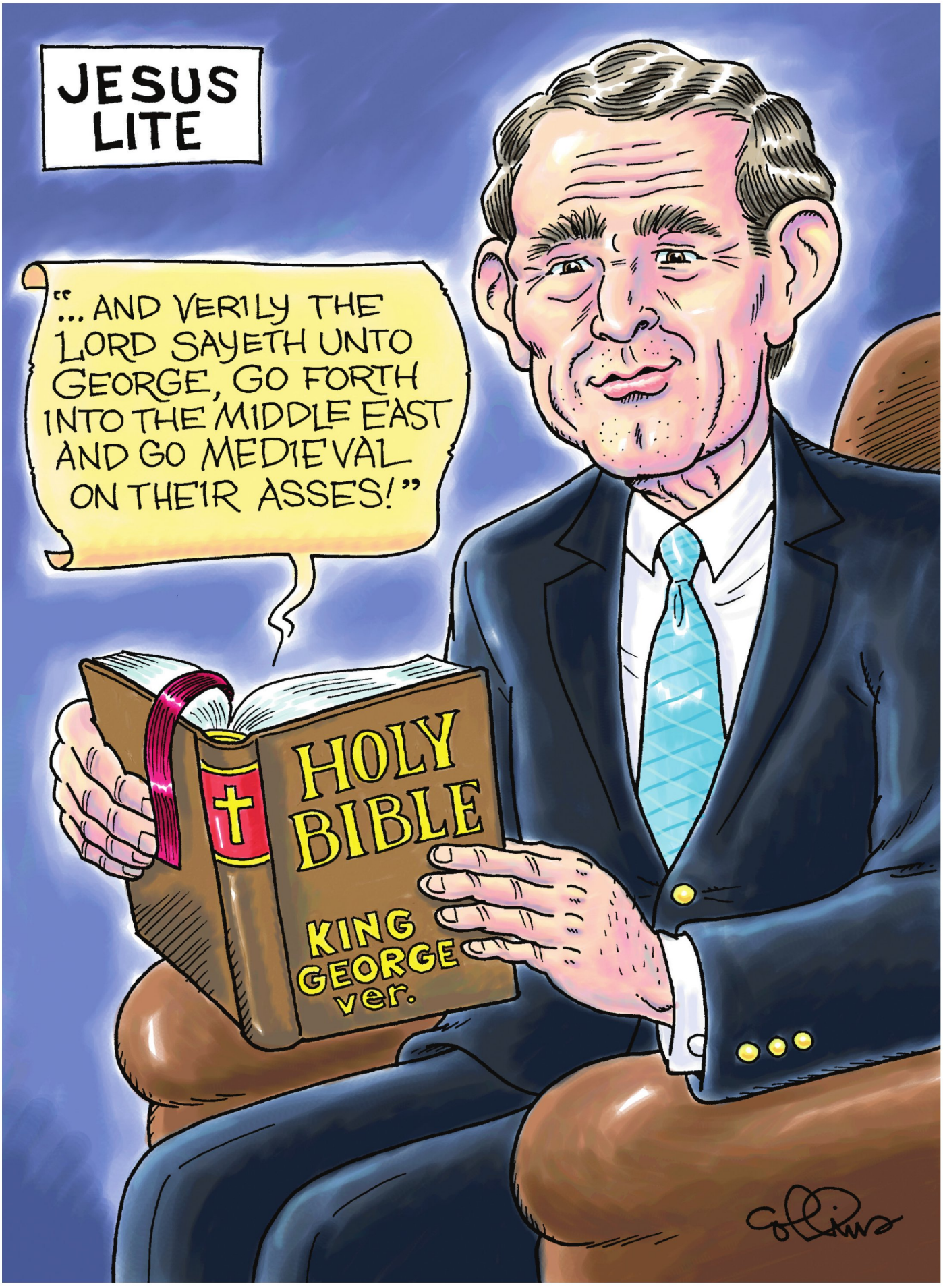
As the author of *A Game as Old as Empire*, what's your 21st-century definition of *empire*?

It's obviously economic power. The empire is the major corporations. We'll have six or seven huge corporations battling over who controls the world's major industries.

Will corporations, as opposed to countries, try to create empires in the foreseeable future?

Absolutely. These corporations no longer have any national loyalty. Their flag is green.

The system that made it possible for BCCI to operate still exists. It hasn't been changed at all. The Bank of Credit and Commerce International is easily replaced by many other dirty banks we haven't heard of. Just change the name. The system is still there. And that's what the U.S. Congress needs to address.


JESUS LITE
"... AND VERILY THE LORD SAYETH UNTO GEORGE, GO FORTH INTO THE MIDDLE EAST AND GO MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES!"
HOLY BIBLE
KING GEORGE ver.

(continued from page 81) of individuals but not of grand thefts by institutions.

As a filmmaker and investigative journalist, I know that the popular way to tell this story is by profiling victims. We have all seen those tear-jerking stories that make "good TV." Many people don't want to appear on these reports because they make them look stupid—as if getting in over your head is always *your* fault. ABC's John Stossel did a whole *20/20* show blaming debtors for their predicament.

Of course, it's often impossible to live in America without credit and credit cards. Debt is our viable currency. Sometimes getting behind or overspending is the borrower's fault. In a country fueled by consumption, everyone wants the latest of everything. And that costs money. When you don't have it, charge it. How simple: They lend you the money up front to buy what you want—until the bills come due.

As a result, we have become a nation of scammers—scammers in suits on the lending side and scammers at home, as borrowers scramble for the best deals, moving money onto zero-percent cards or looking for cheap mortgages that often quickly become unaffordable.

I wanted my film to go beyond the obvious stories of pain and distress as it looked into what is behind all of this, to analyze the special interests that have restructured our economy over the years from one based on production—with the factory as its icon—into a consumption-based system with the shopping mall as its epicenter.

As I pursued that approach, I learned about a process called "financialization," which means rule by financial institutions, leading to the growth of a credit-and-loan complex every bit as powerful as the better-known military-industrial complex.

In short, Americans' astronomical indebtedness didn't just happen. It was planned and organized with dynamics that are not very well understood by the public at large. It reflects the growing power of the private sector, the increasing power of corporations and the market system as Wall Street became far mightier than Main Street in this age of acquisitions, mergers and Big Business consolidation.

Consider various aspects of the debt trap: students leaving college $40,000 in debt; sleazy practices by credit companies; passage of a new bankruptcy "reform" bill that makes it hard for *individuals* to get a second chance but does not limit *business* reorganizations; the steady rise in interest costs; the spread of predatory practices so that low-income people, including many military personnel, become dependent on payday lenders, tax refund joints and rent-to-own stores. Those who can least afford it end up paying more for everything while living on the edge as the inequality grows and the middle class shrinks.

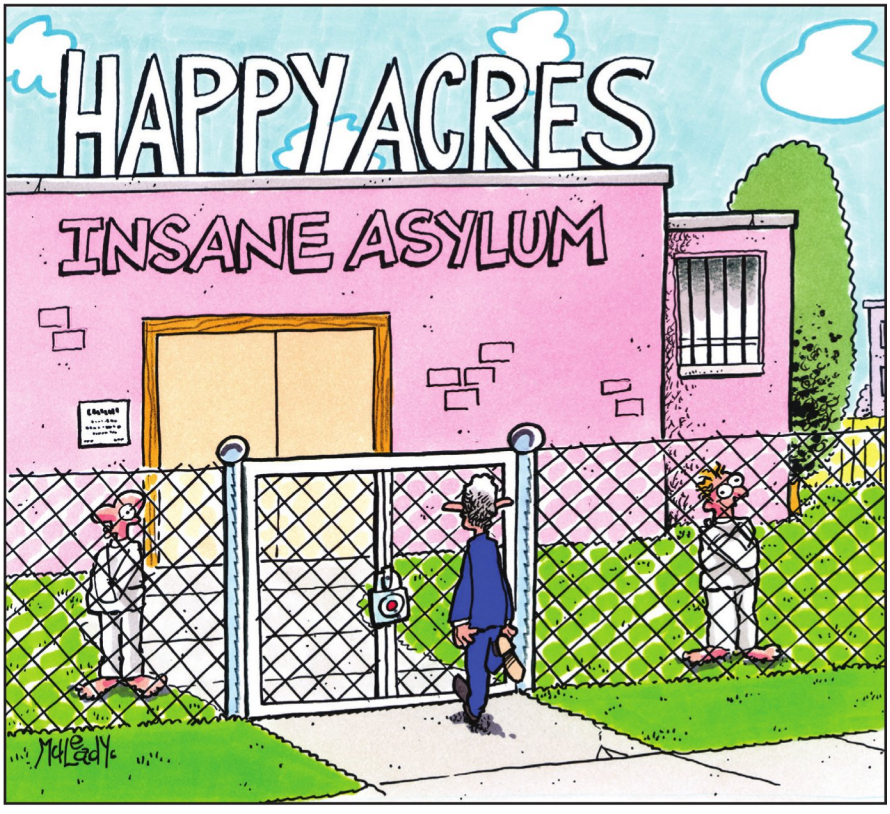
Is it any surprise that this story is not being told by our media? The credit card companies alone spend over $2 billion in marketing and advertising. No wonder documentaries like mine have a hard time being seen. The entertainment business is itself dependent on loans, and even big film festivals—like New York City's Tribeca—are totally dependent on American Express.

We need to educate the public about the deeper forces at work and the need for structural changes in our economy, urgent political reforms and new consumer protections. We need to stop restating problems and start exploring solutions, including debt relief.

In the new social conflict between lenders and creditors, financial institutions function as well-organized collection machines while individual borrowers are forced to react as individuals. Many are browbeaten with lectures about "personal responsibility" by corporations that only pay lip service to any form of social responsibility while compensating their own executives with obscenely high salaries and bonuses.

Robert Manning, author of *Credit Card Nation*, explains: "If ten percent of American credit cardholders withheld their monthly payments, it would bring the financial services industry to a standstill. … At a larger issue, what we have to do is to get people involved at the state level, get their state attorneys general involved, aggressively filing class action lawsuits and then putting pressure on key legislators to say, 'This is unacceptable that they're not representing and balancing the issues of commerce with consumers. The balance is tilted dramatically against the average American.'"

To find out more about what you can do, visit **StopTheSqueeze.org**. The fight for debt relief won't be easy, but unless we try, we're going to end up like modern serfs paying bills that never go away. The housing bubble has already burst; the credit bubble may be next.



George W. Bush visits his base: that small band of devoted, loyalist nutjobs who still support his policies.

*News Dissector Danny Schechter wrote, produced and directed In Debt We Trust (**InDebtWeTrust.com**). He is also the editor of MediaChannel.org and executive producer of the independent film company Globalvision. Schechter can be contacted at **Dissector@MediaChannel.org**.*

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FAYE REAGAN & AARON WILCOX
HUGO BOSS

SE & SHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

If you're a healthy guy, you wake up every morning with a mighty erection. Do you know why this happens? Do you know that this phenomenon has a name? Well, it does. Here are some interesting tidbits about morning wood:

★Waking up with a fully engorged penis is a normal and healthy condition. Guys become hard for various reasons, including sexual arousal, excitement, reading HUSTLER and relaxation (like deep sleep). Men also pop a rod if the wind is blowing or just because they can.

★The average male has several erections throughout the night, which is great if you have a wife or girlfriend who's a light sleeper. Not so great if you share a bed with your brother.

★ The term *morning wood* is said to have been coined by lumberjacks, whose a.m. arousal would cause them to delay their workdays. It is a known fact that the best time to cut down a tree is during the first few hours of the day. The truth is that lumber produced from early-morning timber is sturdier than the wood from trees felled later in the day.

★A rock band named Morningwood is signed to Capitol Records. Its tunes include the hit “Nth Degree” and “Take Off Your Clothes.” The outfit’s lead singer is the bomb, and she may give you any-time-of-the-day wood.

★Sure, all this is good to know, but the best use for morning wood is giving it hard and fast to a smoking-hot pleaser like **Faye Reagan**.

THE PRESIDENT GIVES SPEECHES AFTER LEAVING OFFICE
BEFORE I GO... ANY QUESTIONS?
MR. PRESIDENT, SEEING THAT YOU ARE A PRIVATE CITIZEN NOW, CAN PISSED-OFF FOLKS BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU?!
J. Billette

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

BLOWING OFF STEAM AU NATUREL

As coed Robin Carol recounts, no one bothers with clothes during Tufts University's most off-the-wall ritual.

At staid and prestigious Tufts University, even the purest, most innocent freshman has heard of the Naked Quad Run. The origins of this unique event, recently renamed the Nighttime Quad Reception (NQR) by the Boston area school's administrators, have become clouded over the years.

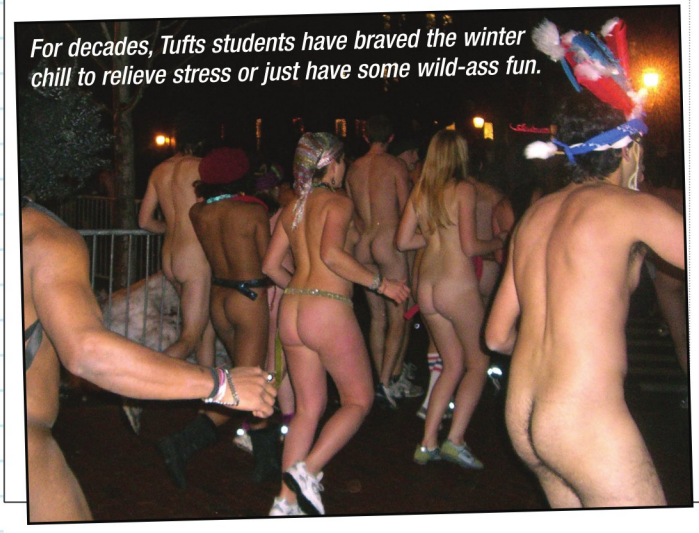
One prevailing story is that the Naked Quad Run began as a protest after men and women were allowed to share a dormitory. But Sergeant Robert McCarthy of the campus police department disagrees. "It started a long time before West Hall even thought of becoming coed," maintains McCarthy, who has worked at Tufts for 35 years.

Seth Ammerman (Class of '76) dates the Naked Quad Run as far back as 1973. "Streaking had been going on for a number of years around the country," he recalls, "but with individuals or small groups. This was the first one at Tufts with hundreds of people—and coed, which was great."

Ammerman believes that students took part en masse in the nude dash primarily as an entertaining outlet to relieve stress and "to tweak authority." The Tufts alumnus recollects, "Some people said that they were protesting for peace or against war or changes at the university. That was picked up by the media, but really, it was just to do something fun."

McCarthy remembers streaking episodes in the '70s, but says that the Naked Quad Run in its current form as a release from exam nerves began later. "In 1980, [students] made a thing about the 'Loud Hour' [during a traditionally mandated 23-hour quiet period], to make as much noise as you can," the police sergeant recalls. "Come ten o'clock, people were opening windows and putting speakers out. Noise travels on top of that hill, and we got complaints all over [the neighboring towns of] Medford and Somerville."

To contain the symphonic deluge, the administration encouraged students to run around the campus's quad instead. One particular group had a unique interpretation of these instructions. "Fifteen or 20 guys from West Hall came out naked, ran once, went back in the dorm, and that was it," McCarthy says. "Then every year it was the same thing."

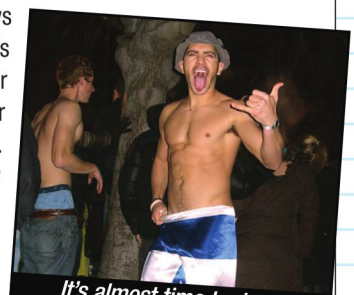


For decades, Tufts students have braved the winter chill to relieve stress or just have some wild-ass fun.

PHOTOS BY AUDITI GUHA

When West Hall became coed in 1987, the event grew in popularity. "The quad was packed with people, and ten o'clock comes," McCarthy continues. "At first there were probably 50 guys running. Then here comes 25 or 30 girls, and everyone starts cheering. It got bigger every year."

Unfortunately, bigger didn't always mean better. The Naked Quad Run's existence was jeopardized in 2002 after several students were hospitalized for alcohol poisoning and assorted injuries. University President Lawrence Bacow sent out a stern e-mail stating that "the combination…of alcohol with a mad dash through an icy, hilly campus at night cannot continue."



It's almost time to drop trou for the latest Naked Quad Run.

However, support for the unabashed spree prompted various university organizations to examine how it could continue more safely. Police involvement and the sanctioned Nighttime Quad Reception have proven to be successful.

"A lot of people got involved, like the Senate and the Dean's Office to make it a controlled event, and it's gotten better," Sergeant McCarthy points out.

Ammerman cites the presence of intoxicating beverages as the biggest change to the event over the years, but one current student understands the need to imbibe. "People drink alcohol to feel comfortable in situations where they feel awkward," sophomore Ben Strauss asserts. "That is a problem, but I don't think that's any worse for the Naked Quad Run. It's funny because I was sober last year for NQR, and I had a very fun experience anyway."

A new chapter in NQR lore coincided with the ability to post pictures or videos on the Internet. "[In the 1970s] there weren't people around staring," Ammerman says. "Everyone who came out was involved. These days, with cell phones and everything, you've got to be more wary."

"I get worried as years pass," senior Katie Winter reflects. "With YouTube and Facebook, something may show up years after the fact. I make sure to run where there are lots of people running around too."

Even with these technological drawbacks, NQR probably won't be vanishing any time soon. "It's evolved over the years," McCarthy declares. "I don't think it's going to [disappear]. It's hard to stop it, and if it's going to happen anyhow, we try to do it as safely as possible."

Looking back, Ammerman admits that during his college years he wouldn't have expected NQR to endure as a Tufts tradition. "I thought maybe it would come and go like many fads do," he observes, "but I think the moral of the story is that college kids like to run around naked."

Sophomore Robin Carol has been writing for the Tufts Daily since she was a freshman. The international relations major remained completely dressed during her coverage of the Naked Quad Run.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

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Real College Girls

BY TYLER DOWNEY

All my teachers and classmates think I'm this sweet and innocent girl," declares Anna Belle, a freshman at California's **Lake Tahoe Community College**. "I guess I've fooled them now." While making a perfect nude model, she's anything but a model bookworm. "I don't like doing homework," the 5-foot-4 interior design major admits. "I'd rather be out on a mountain or riding a motocross racebike." Anna Belle may picture herself as "a silly, hyper goofball," but she's also a top-notch snowboarder who's qualified for numerous national competitions.

The limber coed is an excitement junkie in the bedroom as well. "I like it rough from behind with my hair being pulled," confides Anna Belle, whose most memorable sexual experience was when she and a boyfriend shared a hooker in their Vegas hotel room!

Her next fling may be closer to home. "One of my teachers is this older man with long, gray hair," Anna Belle explains. "I would *so* love to fuck him!" Sounds like getting an A in that class shouldn't be a problem. *—Photos by Friend*

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

***Triple** swirlee: Pixie Pearl and Kimberly Kane go end-to-end as Lystra (inset) gets plunged.*

*Otto & Audrey give dirty blond Kimberly a dose of **Ecstasy**.*

Triple Ecstasy

VIVID-ALT. **DIRECTOR:** KIMBERLY KANE. **STARRING:** KIMBERLY KANE, AUDREY HOLLANDER, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, PIXIE PEARL, PRINCESS DONNA, LYSTRA, MR. MARCUS, OTTO BAUER & ALEC KNIGHT.

Vivid-Alt's latest attempt to keep the ADD generation interested is a triple-disc set stocked with sharp design and gonzo spirit. Lanky "it girl" Kimberly Kane grabbed the director's crop for this slice of art-school cool, showing off her keen eye for sexy brats and the fake squalor they inhabit. The alt genre can easily slip into lazy posing, but Kane takes the porn part seriously, inviting XXXtreme couple Audrey Hollander and Otto Bauer in for the standouts: a double-ended dildo duo with herself and Audrey, and an all-out anal fuckfest for the finale. Alt directors Winky-tiki and Joe Gallant pitch in with strong camerwork and production design. The contrast-rich intensity of the interracial scene with Mr. Marcus and near-albino cutie Charlotte Stokely is particularly striking. Designer Alaska's nifty packaging includes a disc of "More Shit," with trailers and some above-average BTS, plus a soundtrack CD featuring pop punk groups like Nova Express and Chemical People—not to mention some great art-rock insanity from Gallant. *Triple Ecstasy* may be too fevered for some strokers, but tweaking hipsters will covet it as a necessary relic of today's L.A. sleaze scene. ***—M.J.***

ALT VS. PUNK!

Think alt-porn is lame? Check out our behind-the-scenes look at Jim Powers and Rob Rotten's new punk-porn epic on page 131.

Daisy Marie redefines **Foreplay**.

Foreplay's Audrey Bitoni helps Lanny Barby get tuned.

Lanny Barby scores another hit.

Foreplay

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** O. BRIAN. **STARRING:** LANNY BARBY, AUDREY BITONI, DAISY MARIE, PRESLEY MADDOX, CHRIS CANNON, NICK MANNING, SASCHA, JAMES DEEN & EVAN STONE.

Don't be fooled by the box cover. This flick doesn't waste too much time on foreplay or its flimsy rock-star premise. What it does do is give you all the Lanny Barby you could want. The French-Canadian bombshell is still one of the most gorgeous women in porn, and her scene with Audrey Bitoni is a nutbusting battle of the bubble tits. As if that weren't enough, phenomenally cute Daisy Marie saunters in for a jaunt with James Deen, who looks at her like he'd just won the Latina lottery. (Who can blame him?) While it doesn't chart any new territory, *Foreplay* delivers solid fuck scenes with the best-looking brunettes around. As they say in Montreal, Vive Lanny! ***—M.J.***

Sasha Grey gets **Broken**.

Audrey Bitoni tries to save **Broken**.

Lexani Banks lends lip service to **Black Reign**.

BR12's Misti Love meets Lex the Impaler.

Broken

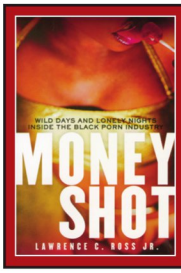
TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** DAVE NAVARRO. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, JENNA HAZE, VICTORIA SIN, LISA DANIEL, KAYLA PAIGE, AUDREY BITONI, TOMMY GUNN, MARK DAVIS, SPYDER JONEZ & MARCO BANDERAS.

If you ever wondered what goes on inside the head of rock poser and porn star fucker Dave Navarro, this flick might be it—and it ain't pretty. His morose directorial debut opens with the sounds of a sobbing girl, who turns out to be an uglied-up Sasha Grey crumpled in a corner masturbating. Eventually she gets up and stumbles into loveless sex here and there. That doesn't seem to cheer her up either. The waif's downward spiral finally takes her to a porn set, where a bunch of people are fucking while Navarro wanders around with his shirt off, apparently letting his movie direct itself. There might be some value to exposing the despair that's often at the heart of anonymous sex, but *Broken* never goes deeper than a bad attitude. Not even the closing scene with hot-tie Audrey Bitoni can liven up this lame affair. So if you like whacking off to a mediocre music video in which everybody thinks it's cool to make sex look like a chore, look no further. When Teravision titled this turkey *Broken*, they weren't kidding. ***—M.J.***

Black Reign #12

MERCENARY PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** LEXINGTON STEELE. **STARRING:** MISTI LOVE, DONNA RED, LEILANI LEI, LEXANI BANKS, MYA G & LEXINGTON STEELE.

The latest installment of porn-trepreneur Lexington Steele's flagship line sticks with his tried-and-true formula: Bring in a roster of chocolate honeys and impale them on his 14-inch pole. The standout beauties are bosomy Misti Love and leggy Lexani Banks, both of whom obviously enjoy taking the Steele rod balls-deep. The only drawback about watching *Black Reign* is that you'll curse God for not blessing you with a dick like that guy's. But, hey, that's why he's fucking these gals, and you're not. ***—M.J.***



For an inside look at Lexington Steele and his Mercenary Pictures, check out Lawrence C. Ross Jr.'s *Money Shot: Wild Days and Lonely Nights Inside the Black Porn Industry*. Sure, Ross gets preachy at times about the racism and sexism plaguing the jizz biz, but his new book is full of great firsthand tales from sisters who can't say no to the fast cash, and brothers who offer some straight talk on what it means to "execute" every time.

Get That Black Pussy! *Candace Nicole (above) and Misty Stone love a good black-and-white movie.*

Get That Black Pussy You Big Dick White Bastard Mutha Fucka!!!

POWERSVILLE. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** MARIE LUV, MISTY STONE, CANDACE NICOLE, KACY SPARTAN, LEE STONE, BUSTER GOOD, RICK MASTERS, ERIC SWISS & JOHNNY THRUST.

Rip-roaring black beauty Marie Luv blurts out that chunky title in the middle of a scorching sex scene, and it pretty much sums up the picture. The always-reliable Jim Powers brings his usual fun-loving gusto to the booming interracial genre. The result is a corny tale of white-boy sex slaves at the mercy of a colony of hot chocolate strippers. For starters, lanky dreamgirl Misty Stone stops her car to give a couple of stranded white mooks a ride, then invites them into her lair to gawk at cuddly-cute pole dancer Candace Nicole before roping them into sex service. From scene to scene, the dark berries offer plenty of sweet juice, with sultry new-cummer Kacy Spartan showing real porn promise, and Marie Luv capping off the lineup like a young lady who knows that the meaning of life is something that touches you deep, deep inside. Or, in her words, "Oh, shit! Put that white cock in all my black holes!" ***—M.J.***

Sleaze trip: Sasha Grey and Lexi Bardot ply ***The Skin Trade****.*

Is ***Skin Trade****'s Laurie Vargas auditioning for* ***That 70s Show****?*

The Skin Trade

BAD SEED/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JOE GALLANT. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, KELLY WELLS, LEXI BARDOT, NATASHA STONE, LAURIE VARGAS, RACHEL LUV, BRIAN SUREWOOD, DINO BRAVO & JOE ROCK.

Here's a tawdry tale that wouldn't be out of place at a '70s drive-in, except that it has more cock-filled vaginas and semen-slicked faces than you would have seen back then. Wayward teens Kelly Wells and Sasha Grey show up on Hollywood Boulevard looking to make it big in the movies only to end up in the clutches of predatory "art film" hacks. Director Gallant's fondness for the golden age of exploitation is evident throughout *The Skin Trade*. His movie is a greasy trip through the tenderloin, even if it often lacks the charm of old grindhouse. One pleasant note of authenticity is definitely worth a gander: Latina lovely Laurie Vargas's burgeoning bush. Hey, kids, that's why we used to call it hair pie! ***—M.J.***

NEVER MIND ALT-PORN

THIS IS PUNK!

Jim Powers and Rob Rotten regroup for *Little Runaway #2.*

Fuck this generation! Daisy Tanks meets Rob Rotten.

Jim Powers gets the shot!

HOLED UP AT A PORN VALLEY warehouse, two of XXX's most notorious badasses are gearing up to shoot. Dozens of ratty delinquents with leather jackets and cheap tattoos are guzzling free booze and handing their IDs to the casting guy. The mood is already rowdy, but a couple of hours later it's mayhem. With hardcore music thrashing through the speakers, porn stud Drehdon pounds a spiky-haired Heather Gables in the ass as the extras crowd around, slamdancing, spewing beer and cheering on the live sex show.

In 2002, recent *AVN* Director of the Year Jim Powers unreeled *Little Runaway*, a penetrating takeoff on the movie *SubUrbia.* With Rachel Rotten in the title role, the legendary movie predated the alt-porn wave that hit a few years later. Now, irked that the alt camp claims to be the only thing rivaling mainstream smut, Powers and pal Rob Rotten have decided the time is ripe for a raunchy sequel.

At the warehouse, Powers is in his element, deftly handling the camera, barking orders and making up dialogue on the spot. "Stay low," he tells Drehdon, "so I don't get too much of your balls slapping." Powers crawls around to the other side of a dingy mattress that's been tossed on the cement floor and reframes the shot. "I need more light on her ass!"

Meanwhile, one of the frenzied extras is whipping out his *(continued on page 133)*

The droogs give Scarlett Pain and her punks a taste of the old ultraviolence.

Buttwoman *Brianna Love wraps her meaty ass around her new title.*

Top to bottom: Carmella Bing, Sunny Lane and Jada Fire give ***Buttwoman*** *a boost.*

Brianna Love Is Buttwoman

ELEGANT ANGEL. **DIRECTORS:** WILLIAM H. & SAM NO. **STARRING:** BRIANNA LOVE, SUNNY LANE, CARMELLA BING, JADA FIRE, LEE STONE, BILLY GLIDE, DICK NASTY, KYLE STONE, BUSTER GOOD, ANDREW RIVERA, DWAYNE CUMMINZ, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER, MR. PETE & L.T.

If this were the Renaissance, Brianna Love's ass would be immortalized in poems and paintings. Lucky for you, it's 2008, so you get to see that white bubble butt slapped, pile-driven, creamed and squirted on. As the new Buttwoman, Brianna has some big panties to fill (previous titleholders were Belladonna and Tiffany Mynx), but her inaugural outing doesn't disappoint—mostly because of the top-notch supporting cast. After ten minutes of clumsy ass-jiggling, pixie Sunny Lane brings her corn-fed cuteness to the pussy-eating party. When a dude shows up, it's hard not to hope he spends more time banging Sunny than the star. (Sorry, Brianna, but the sweatier girl at the end of the scene wins.) Squirtwoman Jada drops in to school Brianna in the art of the gush—telling the slut not to diet if she wants to keep that ass of hers—before drenching Buttwoman's tush and face as L.T. glazes her puss. Talk about fighting fire with Fire! Saucy Carmella steals the next scene with her humongous rack. *Bada-bing!* In the finale, Buttwoman finally gets her poop chute corked, then runs her cum-slicked keister down the road like a nature girl on acid. Although at times it seems more like an audition tape than the breakout flick it was meant to be, *Brianna Love Is Buttwoman* clocks in at over three hours. That's called getting your money's worth. Plus, disc 2 boasts some great footage from the *Buttwoman* archives. All in all, a well-padded package. ***—M.J.***

ALT VS. PUNK
(continued from page 131)

Party hard: Heather Gables meets suburbia.

dick to get a piece of Heather. The doll reacts quickly, slapping the cock out of her face. In porn, only hired-and-tested performers are allowed to fuck. Drehdon pulls out as Powers restores order.

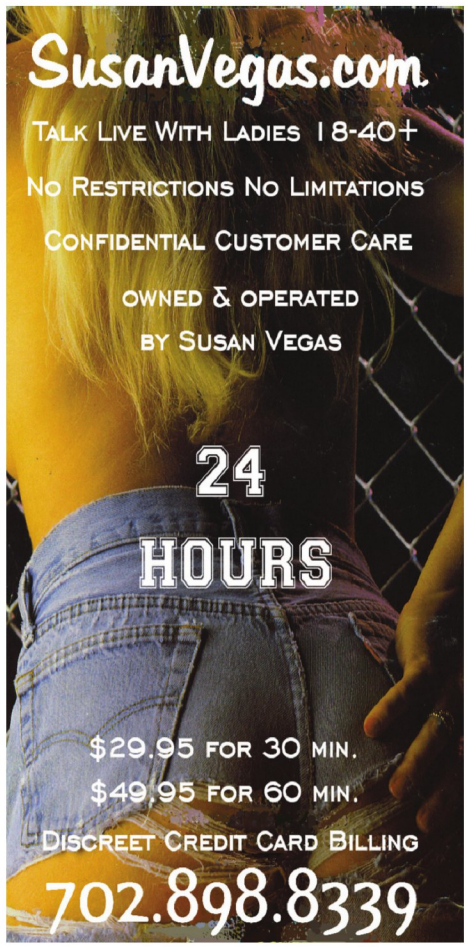
"Can he put it back in my ass?" Heather pleads, sparking a chorus of hoots and hollers. "Hey, I like it in my ass. Okay?"

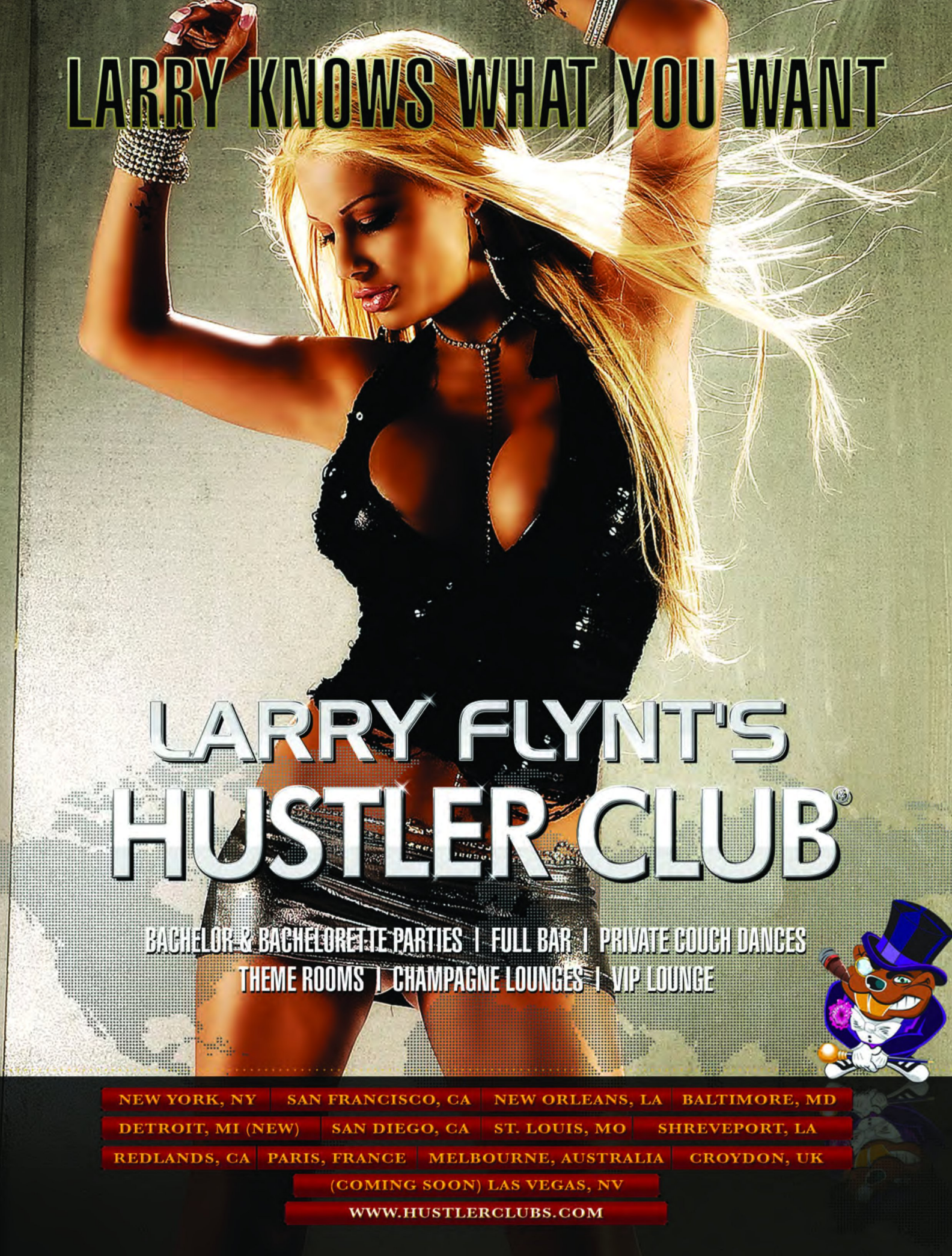
It's standard smutspeak, but the starlet makes it sound uncommonly sincere. Co-director Rotten shuts down the wannabe banger, and Powers reads the riot act: "Nobody attack the girl!" The music kicks back in; general chaos resumes.

This controlled anarchy is just a foretaste of the insanity Powers fans are bound to eat up. Borrowing from one of his fave cinema classics, *A Clockwork Orange*, the *Runaway* sequel revolves around rival gangs of skinheads and "droogs" in a bitter rumble over some prime pussy. Another powerhouse scene: Desire Moore finds herself on a "bukkake bus" with dozens of horny hooligans. By the time the road trip ends at a punk concert in San Francisco, every nut has been busted, and the poor slut is reeling from a semen overdose.

"This is an epic!" proclaims Powers, who never fails to go the extra filthy mile. "This is the movie that will drive a spike into the heart of that bullshit alt porn. This is PUNK!" —*M.J.*

Fuck 'em all: Desire Moore comes aboard ***Runaway #2***'s bukkake bus.

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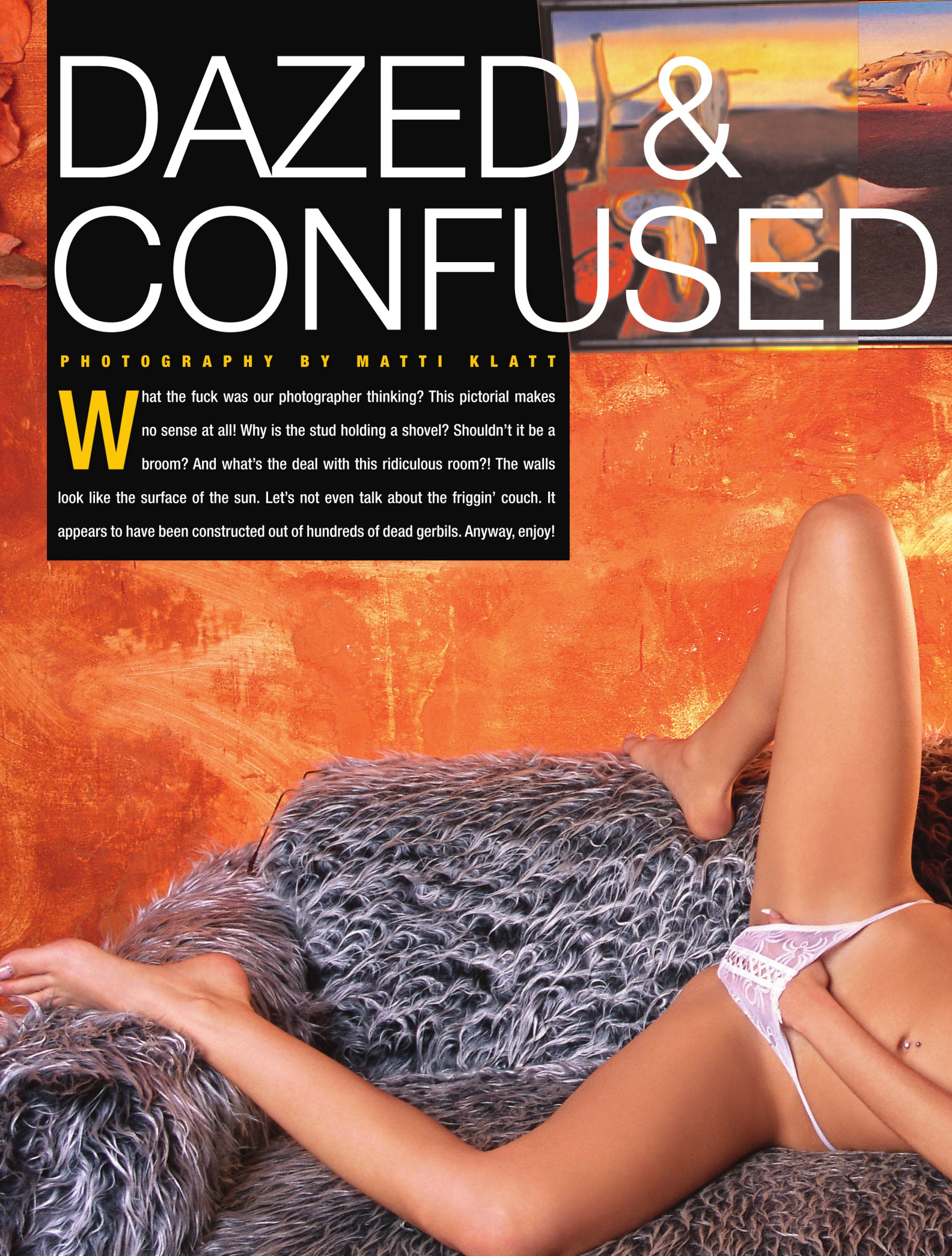
DAZED & CONFUSED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

What the fuck was our photographer thinking? This pictorial makes no sense at all! Why is the stud holding a shovel? Shouldn't it be a broom? And what's the deal with this ridiculous room?! The walls look like the surface of the sun. Let's not even talk about the friggin' couch. It appears to have been constructed out of hundreds of dead gerbils. Anyway, enjoy!



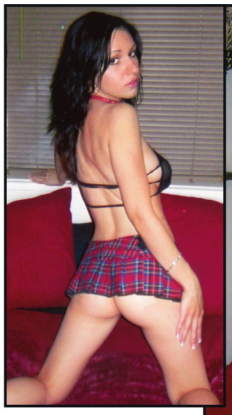
I was told this photo-shoot would be a work of art reminiscent of Salvador Dali or Edvard Munch.
That's the last time I trust anyone with a German accent, but I can't wait to bone that dolly.
Watch as I pretend to be as surprised as that dude over there.
TARRA WHITE & MARTIN GUN

Hey, orange you glad we shot here? Get it? Orange, like the color of this silly room?

Let's stop complaining about the set. At least we're getting paid to fuck around, aren't we?
Not me! I'm doing this for a sandwich and a bus ticket back to Bakersfield.

Well, at least he didn't get any jizz on the couch. Good thing, 'cause I'm sure it's a rental.

VIKTORIYA



"I love posing for explicit nude photos," coos Ukrainian-born Viktoriya, 22, of Rancho Cordova, California. "I thought the toy was a nice touch," adds the "extroverted" book editor, whose come-to-America dream has been punctuated by a showcase in her fave skin mag. Being bi-curious, Viktoriya most enjoys "looking at the girls," and for a fantasy the 5-foot-2 booby doll wants to "get crazier than the night I had sex with two guys in a hot tub." —Photos by Boyfriend

PHOENIX

Proving there's no age limit in America's most democratic amateur photo contest is this zesty veterinary technician from Santa Fe, New Mexico. "I'm celebrating the fact that a woman of 52 can still look hot and sexy," Phoenix proudly proclaims. The 5-foot-7 "live healthy" advocate has surely reaped the benefits of her strenuous outdoor pastimes—primarily horseback riding, racquetball and mountain biking. Meanwhile, in the boudoir, Phoenix also maintains a hot-to-trot twentysomething's energy level. "My very active sex life is always evolving," the happy housewife points out. "Sex is getting better and better as I get older. My husband is amazed by my headwork."
—Photos by Husband

"I cherish that first stimulating look from someone who wants to have sex with me. In my fantasies, I'd take them as they come. Age wouldn't matter."

HONEY

"I'm single, and I tend to be a little flirt," chirps Honey, 19, a retail clerk from Kahului, Hawaii. Besides being exceptionally flirtatious as eye candy for HUSTLER looky-loos, the 5-foot-5 bi babe is quite loquacious. "I'm very adventurous and compulsive," she announces. "I love skinny-dipping at the beach and sneaking off deep into the jungle for sex. Sometimes I just can't restrain a bikini or my runaway horniness!" Honey, whose preferred position is missionary, has a kinky side too. "I really get off being tied up and fucked!" the sexy surfer roars. —Photos by Friend

"I'd love to make a girl come while another one is getting me off!"

OCEAN

"I'm very comfortable showing off my body," declares Ocean, 26, of Los Angeles. "Nudity is a beautiful thing." A skin-biz shutterbug's assistant, the 5-foot-7 novice model is most proud of what's in back. "My friends say I have a J-Lo booty," toots Ocean, a doggy-style fancier who doesn't abhor fitting butt sex into her well-rounded carnal repertoire. "I enjoyed anal the few times I've tried it. I'm always willing to try new things and new girls. I'm very bi, aggressive and adventurous." On that note, Ocean—a huge hip-hop dancing fan—dreams of "leaving California for good and tempting hot surfers in Hawaii." —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"My fantasy is to have sex with a guy and girl under the Hollywood Sign!"

BASHFUL

"This will be a nice surprise," says Bashful, a retirement center housekeeper and scrapbooking enthusiast out of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. "My husband is a National Guardsman in Iraq." Belying her moniker, the 5-footer—who turns 41 in May—surprises us by divulging, "I love to suck cock and swallow. I've always wanted three or four guys for me and two girls for my husband. I want to watch him getting sucked on." Keeping the home fires burning, Bashful adds, "I miss him something fierce." —Photos by Husband

REECE

This lingerie dancer and auto-racing buff from Valparaiso, Indiana, has flashed beside Lake Michigan, but the 5-foot-4 Hoosier's intimate derring-do is even wilder. "I've always wanted to appear in HUSTLER," Reece, 37, informs us. "Who knows? The movies may be fun too. My boyfriend and I make our own sex tapes while our friends come over and watch. I love to suck dick and fuck too! And I swallow. I'm up for anything with guys and girls both! I've had groups of three or four, but I could handle more!" —Photos by Boyfriend

"My fantasy is to be lying naked on a beach and taking on every cute guy and girl who walks by!"

SWEET CANDI

"Your magazine goes down into the coal mines," reveals this snazzy Pilgrims Knob, Virginia, homemaker. "My husband is a miner and a HUSTLER reader. He's been on me to do this for a while. God knows why I waited so long!" While waiting on hubby to come home, Sweet Candi, 28, does "the usual day-to-day things, but my nights are a completely different story." Explains the 5-foot-6 newbie, "Our sex life varies, but I always try to make my man happy in every way possible. My favorite thing is to sit back and masturbate while he watches. I also fantasize about a threeway with my husband and a beautiful woman in a hot tub." —Photos by Husband

THALIA

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I love having one-night stands with three or four people!"

"Having sex under a waterfall would kick ass!"

Making herself quite at home in this installment of HUSTLER's amateur haven is a Canadian homemaker from Winnipeg. "Posing nude for the first time was fun," recalls Thalia, whose other fun stuff includes dancing, reading, sunbathing and sex. "I'm usually pretty wild and dominant," the aficionada of "69 with a guy or girl" admits. Two issues back, honoring Thalia's 24th B-day and breathtaking backside with a preview, we asked, "Is the 5-foot-3 Manitoban up for amusing herself with that vibrator?" She was up to the task, eh?! —Photos by Friend

MYRA

"Thirty or 40 years from now I can remember how I looked," reflects this immodest denizen of Parker, Colorado, who owns a hair salon and relishes getting bare when a camera is clicking. Keen on rhyme schemes, Myra, 39, is an avid country songwriter who's also into "fishing, camping and partying." As for much more intimate endeavors, the 5-foot-5 MILF doesn't flinch. "I love sex, period, and any position," Myra tells us. "New stuff keeps the fire going." And spontaneity prevails! "I was raised in the Ozarks, so you know I'm game for some good, hard lovin' out in the woods, but just lately I've also done the deed over a toilet and in a closet." This harmonious gal has more than arousing pics to look back on. —Photos by Husband

"I write country tunes, but I'd love to rock with Vince Neil and Axl Rose at the same time!"

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

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City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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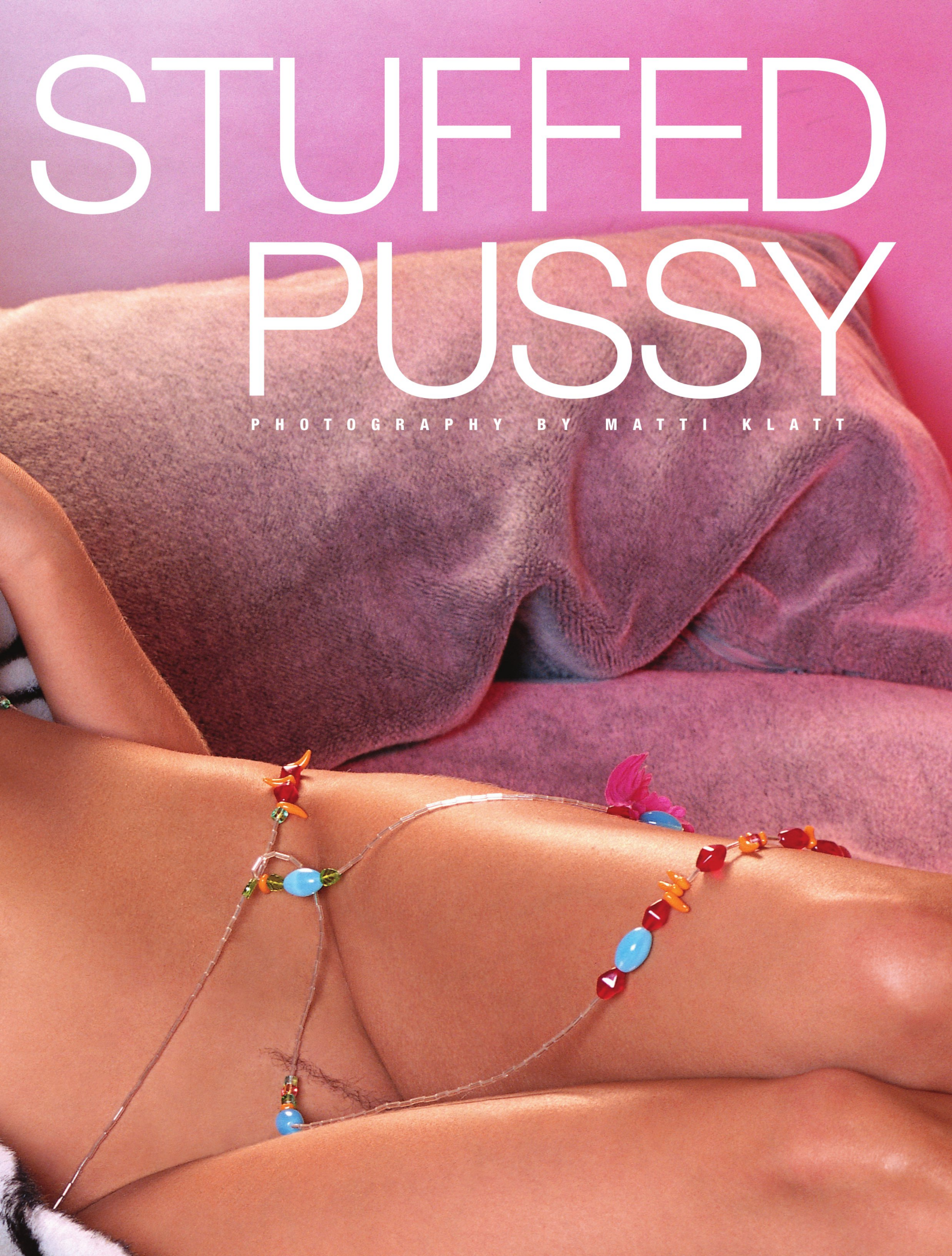
Note: Prize money sent to model only.

ZOE

STUFFED PUSSY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Although she insists "my English isn't so hot," this Czech hottie knows how to speak the language of love just fine. "I'm sort of old-fashioned," **Zoe** reveals. "When it comes to sex, I like and need lots of romance. I love when a man is willing to wine and dine me. Maybe he can buy me flowers and perfume. Soft kisses and caresses make me melt."

Zoe looks like a seasoned model, but baring the whole nine yards for a photographer is merely a sideline for the impressive newbie. "I wish I could say that posing nude is my only job," **Zoe** explains. "Right now I work for a travel agency. It's kind of depressing because I'm always helping people plan these exciting trips, and I don't get to go anywhere. Maybe someday I'll be an international model."

Actually, being in HUSTLER has done just that. So what's next for the enticing creature? "I want to meet a nice man who is sexy and willing to have many adventures," **Zoe** remarks. "I would love to travel with him around the world, having sex in as many different countries as possible. This has long been a fantasy of mine. Another is having sex on an airplane. What do you call it—the Miles High Club? That would be hot."

One might think that the romance-seeker has potential lovers coming out of the woodwork, right? "No," **Zoe** laments. "It's terrible, but I don't know many sexy men. Do you think any of your readers would like to be my travel mate?" Hey, guys, now you have something else to grab—your passport!

ZOE'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Blansko, Czech Republic
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-3

MEGGAN

The June '08 HUSTLER goes on sale April 1, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerWorld.com.

COMING NEXT MONTH

THOM HARTMANN: CRACKING THE CODE

Morning radio's voice of reason examines the myths used by the Right to cloud perception—and offers ways to reclaim the truth.

STEALING A STATE: HOW THE GOP AND KARL ROVE PUT A GOVERNOR IN PRISON

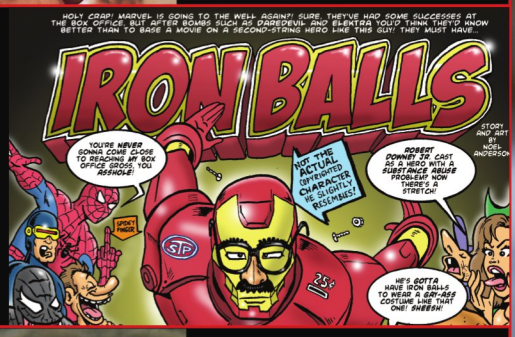
Investigator Larisa Alexandrovna uncovers how a web of Republican corruption, dirty tricks and influence-peddling forced Alabama Democrat Don Siegelman out of office—and into prison.

MUSCLE FEMMES

Wordsmith Jill Morley sweats with a trio of award-winning female bodybuilders who supplement their rigorous workouts with provocative photos.

IRON BALLS

A *Marvel*-ous parody of the lead-headed superhero Iron Man and his tin-can costume, by our own bullpen brush-slinger Noel Anderson. Nuff said!


HOLY CRAP! MARVEL IS GOING TO THE WELL AGAIN?! SURE, THEY'VE HAD SOME SUCCESSES AT THE BOX OFFICE, BUT AFTER BOMBS SUCH AS DAREDEVIL AND ELEKTRA YOU'D THINK THEY'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO BASE A MOVIE ON A SECOND-STRING HERO LIKE THIS GUY. THEY MUST HAVE...
IRON BALLS
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YOU'RE NEVER GONNA COME CLOSE TO REACHING MY BOX OFFICE GROSS, YOU ASSHOLE!
NOT THE ACTUAL TATTOOED CHARACTER HE SLIGHTLY RESEMBLES!
ROBERT DOWNEY JR. CAST AS A HERO WITH A SUBSTANCE ABUSE PROBLEM? NOW THERE'S A STRETCH!
SPIDEY PAGES
HE'S GOTTA HAVE IRON BALLS TO WEAR A GAY-ASS COSTUME LIKE THAT ONE! SHEESH!

AIR AMERICA: DOWN IN FLAMES

Is radio's largest progressive network headed for disaster? Sirius radio's Alex Bennett tells the truth about its up-and-down flight.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SUPERSTUD WHEN...

Cartoonist Trosley clues you in on the telltale signs of being the most wanted man in the neighborhood.

ANNIE AMPLE: THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

A photo tribute to the legendary big-busted exotic dancer, porn queen and ballpark streaker.